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## LITERATURE.

*The Life of Percy Bysshe Shelley.* By Edward Dowden. In 2 vols. (Kegan Paul, Trench, & Co.)

To indicate an undivided responsibility for the opinions put forth in a critical article, it is usually sufficient for the writer to sign his name at the foot; but when such opinions are widely at variance with the popular judgment, a proper sense of their fallibility, and a consciousness of their humble authority, may justify the repeated use of the first personal pronoun.

This is a book meant to last, and beyond question it will endure and be final. Such an authentic record, such exhaustiveness of inquiry, such fullness of detail seem to leave nothing to desire, and little to expect. The story is told with admirable impartiality, coupled with wise and inspiring enthusiasm. The style is excellent throughout, not so earnest, perhaps, as the style of Mr. W. M. Rossetti's biography, and certainly not so spontaneous as that of Hogg's fragment, but something between the gravity of the one and the vivacity of the other; with the directness and perspicacity of Mr. Rossetti, not without the easy play of Hogg's half-mocking humour, and with a certain poetic quality of fervour and picturesqueness that is not found in either of those writers. Some of the passages of Mr. Dowden's narrative reach a very high point of excellence. The accounts of the tyranny of Shelley's schoolfellows, of the poet at Oxford, of the meeting with the gipsy boy, of the flight to Scotland, and the life there; the lovely picture of Shelley in 1817 playing with the little son of Leigh Hunt; the story of the illness and death of Mary's child, William, of her grief and despondency, of Godwin's cold counsel, of Hunt's tenderer sympathy, and of Shelley's sleepless anguish: all this is really in the best style of narrative art. It is but right to say that in these admirable passages Mr. Dowden is covering ground that has already been traversed by Hogg, by Thornton Hunt, by Leigh Hunt, and others. It is also right to say that some of the most moving incidents in this stirring story are told with deficient force. In his account of the death of Harriet Shelley, the biographer's eye is not on the event; it is on the issues involved in the death. The reader's interest is dissipated. It is hardly realised that an important incident is to be recorded until all curiosity is killed. The same criticism seems to apply to Mr. Dowden's account of the emotion with which Shelley received the announcement of his wife's suicide. His grief, remorse, and horror, his anguish at the thought of the brutality of the Westbrooks; perhaps his fear lest he had made the hideous catastrophe possible by

undermining his wife's sober orthodoxy; his efforts to remind himself that Harriet had a congenital tendency towards suicide; and his feverish anxiety to hear his friends "bear testimony to the upright spirit and liberality" of his conduct towards her: all this comes out in Mr. Dowden's narrative with something less than its proper force. And this failure of vivid presentment where, from force of fact, vividness is easiest and most natural; this frittering away of the only great opportunities that the subject affords for sustained and impassioned narrative, is due either to a conscious desire to avoid all popularised or novelised methods of narration, or, more probably, to an unconscious struggle with the *pros* and *cons* of Shelley's moral guilt or responsibility. In either case the result is to be deplored. A vital story should be vitally told. If Mr. Dowden could have put behind him all thought of how far Shelley's conduct towards Harriet was justified by the circumstance that she wandered from the ways of upright living, and how far any act of Shelley's during the two years that preceded her death had tended to cause the rash act with which her life closed, I think he must have given us a direct and simple story in his own person only, unhampered by extraneous facts, unbroken by letters, and not even impeded by quotations in the text. If Mr. Dowden falls short where workers of less power might have excelled, he excels where writers of even great power might have fallen short. His account of the first family gathering at Godwin's after the deaths of Fanny Godwin and Harriet Shelley is most tenderly and beautifully touched, full of pathos, imagination and poetic sympathy, and altogether one of the most charming passages in the book.

In his interpretation of certain dubious incidents in the life of Shelley Mr. Dowden does not differ materially from preceding biographers. He cannot join with Mr. Rossetti in giving credence to the conjecture that Shelley's death was due to the attack of a pirate barque during the memorable storm. Neither can he accept Mr. Rossetti's view of the alleged outrage at Tanyrallt. In reducing this incident to a plain case of attempted burglary Mr. Dowden adopts a rational interpretation, where, from one further fact within his knowledge, he might have plausibly referred the mystery to the effects of hallucination. Mr. Dowden tells us that a similar outrage is said to have occurred to Shelley during his three months' residence at Keswick. Hearing an unusual noise at night outside his cottage, Shelley went to the door, and was instantly struck down by an unseen hand. Mr. Dare, his landlord, who was near, rushed into the house, when, perceiving that he was armed, the rascals who had committed the outrage took to flight. This is the story as transferred from the columns of a Cumberland newspaper; but Mr. Dowden adds that the inhabitants of Keswick, apparently without cause, discredited the whole report. I think I can explain to him why the people of Keswick discredited the report, though I had never any talk with the old landlord on the subject. If it had been true that Mr. Dare's arrival with firearms had put the rascals to flight, his own statement to that effect would have been accepted in Keswick as sufficient

evidence that the outrage did actually take place. But I suspect that Mr. Dare's part in the tragedy was understood to be mythical. I know Chesnut Cottage well. It is a long house, like a telescope at full stretch, partly one-storey and partly two storeys, and it looks out on Castle Head and Derwentwater, not strictly "upon the fertile ground which connects the lakes of Derwentwater and Bassen-thwaite." The back of the house is to the road, and the way to the door is by a sort of gully cut longitudinally into the hillside to make a level entrance. This pathway is paved. Sitting in the parlour of the cottage, it would be possible to hear footsteps on the paved way. Shelley may have heard such footsteps; and, knowing that the level cutting led to and from his own house only, he may have gone to the door to see who was coming. He may then have been struck down by a ruffian intending robbery. So far the story is possible, and even credible, though hardly probable. The impossible incident is that Mr. Dare could have been on the spot immediately, ready-armed for defence. The landlord's cottage almost joins up to Chesnut Cottage; but the entrance to it is, I should say, at least a hundred yards away. You have to go back to the road from Shelley's door, turn up the hill, then to the right, walk through a garden and into a courtyard, before you reach Mr. Dare's porch. I doubt if, from any given moment of alarm, the most active man could have snatched up his gun and hastened to the door of Chesnut Cottage in less than from three to five minutes. If the burglars had remained so long after the assault on Shelley, they must have left more material evidence of their visit. If Shelley's landlord was on the spot before they had time to effect their purpose, he must surely have been waiting, ready-armed, in the road. In short, I should entirely discredit the story as it is told, unless it is certain that Mr. Dare adhered to the statement that his arrival put the burglars to flight. This is a small matter, hardly worth six lines for itself, and only deserving of comment because it casts light on the equally mysterious, and yet more melodramatic, Tanyrallt incident, and on the general question of Shelley's veracity as a witness of material fact. May I add that it is inconceivable that Shelley can have paid two-and-a-half guineas a week rent for Chesnut Cottage? The little place was recently to let unfurnished at twenty pounds a year. For a portion off Greta Hall Southey, when Shelley was in Keswick, paid £25 a year, and Mrs. Coleridge paid rather less than that much for the remainder. Wordsworth paid £14 a-year for his cottage at Grasmere. Is it credible that Shelley was required to pay at the rate of £100 a-year for the use of the furniture? This, also, is a small matter. Two other minor points, and I shall pass to the larger issues involved in Mr. Dowden's biography. On p. 210, the biographer advances as his own the idea that Calvert, the friend of Shelley, and not Coleridge, is meant by Wordsworth in the lines of "The Castle of Indolence," which describe the "noticeable man with large grey eyes." Mr. Dowden may be the earliest to identify Calvert with the second of the two men described in Wordsworth's poem, but surely he forgets that De Quincey indicates Coleridge not as the second man, but as the

first. And, indeed, that any reader of the poem can have imagined for a moment that the "noticeable man" was Coleridge, and that any person familiar with the chief facts of Coleridge's life can have failed to see that the author of the "Ancient Mariner" was meant by the brilliant creature who goes away from home and comes back a shattered man, are proofs of such critical blindness as make a serious deduction from the merits of Mr. Dowden's discovery. On p. 225, Mr. Dowden tells us that while Shelley was in Keswick, Coleridge, "who not long since had been a guest of the Wordsworths, was absent in London, toiling wearily amid the quicksands of his own infirmities." I do not know of a good reason for thinking that Coleridge was Wordsworth's "guest" during the long period in which he prepared and edited the *Friend* at Grasmere; but I do know of several reasons for thinking that he was not domesticated on terms of hospitality. I also know, not as a probability, but as a certainty, that in the winter of 1811-12, Coleridge was so far from "toiling wearily amid the quicksands of his own infirmities," that he was every day rising at 6 a.m., taking the Hammersmith stage at 7.20, reaching the office of the *Courier* at 8.30, remaining there until 2 p.m., walking every evening to his lodgings at the home of the Morgans, and lecturing before the London Philosophical Society twice a week with unfailing regularity and brilliant success.

There is much that is new in this new biography, but not much that seems to alter the complexion of any leading event with which we are already familiar. Mr. Dowden has been permitted to quote from MSS. in the possession of Shelley's grandson, Mr. Esdaile, a number of poems hitherto unpublished. The poetic value of these pieces has nothing to add to the reputation of their author. One of them, the sonnet to Harriet's daughter, Ianthe, derives its *motif* and some of its conspicuous phrases from Coleridge's sonnet on the birth of his first son. Another of the poems, headed "To Harriet, May 1814," has a distinct autobiographical value. Its effect on any impartial estimate of Shelley's character must be material and, I think, most damaging. So far as I can see, Mr. Dowden had only one important incident to offer that is new to the biography of Shelley, and that is the account given in Shelley's letters to Miss Hitchener of Hogg's attempt to disturb Harriet's conjugal fidelity. It is easy to overstate the importance of this incident. We are too fully apprised of Shelley's exaggerations, his utter unreliableness as a witness to plain facts, to accept the whole story of Hogg's disloyalty without reserve. That there was most serious ground for anxiety on Shelley's part is beyond question; but Hogg's bearing when charged with his transgression, his wrath, his challenging Shelley to a duel, show that he did not entirely accept the position of a guilty man. Hogg's conduct in later years, and Shelley's relations with him during the period of the alliance with Mary Godwin, seem to discredit the worst inferences to be drawn from Shelley's letters to Miss Hitchener. At all events, the complexion of affairs is not seriously changed by this disclosure of Hogg's disloyalty. If the incident has any effect on our view of Harriet's char-

acter, it heightens it in purity and absence of reserve; if it affects our conception of Shelley, it increases the sense of his weakness of will without enlarging the sense of his magnanimity of spirit. If he believed that in his absence his friend attempted his dishonour, it was his duty to his wife to remove her for ever from the possibility of further insult. This he did not do. It was also his duty, when he allied himself with another woman, to put her out of reach of the danger that had once already almost wrecked his happiness. This he was very far from doing. If Hogg tried to disturb Harriet's wifely fidelity, Shelley made a sorry truce between honour and friendship. But the evidence is Shelley's, and it comes mainly through letters in which this prudent husband disclosed the most sacred of his domestic secrets to a woman of whom he knew nothing, or next to nothing. My inference, drawn chiefly from Shelley's own conduct, would be that he exaggerated the Hogg-Harriet episode almost beyond bounds of recognition.

Mr. Dowden has had access to the diary which Mary Shelley kept from the time of her flight with Shelley until after the poet's death. I can find nothing in this journal that materially alters the records hitherto made public; certainly nothing that disturbs the popular view of the principal characters in the Shelley drama. When the announcement of Mr. Dowden's book was made three years ago the rumour was current—I do not know by whom put afloat—that papers were forthcoming which would involve Harriet Shelley in still deeper disgrace than that which had already gathered more or less vaguely about her poor wounded name. No such papers are presented by Mr. Dowden. We learn on the authority of Miss Clairmont that Shelley induced her half-sister, Mary Godwin, to elope with him by assuring her that Harriet did not really care for him; that she was in love with a Major Ryan, and that the child which she was then soon to have was certainly not her husband's. This, at best, is the story of a man who is pleading with a girl of seventeen to elope with him, and as such it may very properly be set aside. We have also a vague assertion of Godwin's that he had "unquestionable authority for saying that Harriet had proved herself unfaithful to her husband before her separation." This is, at the utmost, the evidence of a man who had good reason for trying to make the world look with more friendly eyes on the man with whose domestic sorrows his daughter had cast in her lot. There seems to be not a scrap of tangible evidence against Harriet in relation to this Major Ryan. The person who was the source of the information as to Harriet's infidelity is neither known nor named. No one may cross-examine him, and, so far as we are concerned, he is a myth.

But, if this unsupported charge against Harriet's fidelity cannot in strict justice be allowed to affect our view of her character, it can none the less affect, and that most materially, our view of the character of her husband. In judging of Shelley's conduct it is not more important to know what his wife was in reality than to know what he thought she was. Though she were the blackest fiend that ever defiled her wifely

honour, her husband was guilty of an immoral act if, when he deserted her, he still believed her to be pure. And, though she were the chastest saint that ever kept her honour white, her husband was not guilty in the worst degree if he deserted her believing her to be untrue. What is Shelley's case? Did he believe that Harriet was unfaithful to him?

"No one," says Mr. Dowden, "who was not a rash partisan would assert that Harriet was not innocent. At the same time it remains certain that Shelley was convinced in July 1814 that such was not the case, and remained of that opinion to the close of his life."

Thus Mr. Dowden frankly takes Shelley's side, and concludes that Shelley was a moral man, so far as concerns his parting with Harriet because he believed that she was guilty. In opposition to this, I will say that Shelley was not a moral man, so far as concerns his parting with Harriet, because he did not believe that she was guilty.

It is not in perversity, and assuredly not from any lust of originality, that I take this view. I know that it seems to involve a reversal of nearly all accredited authorities. "It will be sufficient to say," writes Mary Shelley, "that in all he [Shelley] did, he, at the time of doing it, believed himself justified by his own conscience." And a much keener judge of the human heart than the author of *Frankenstein*—Mr. Browning—has said: "I call Shelley a moral man because he was true, simple-hearted and brave, and because what he acted corresponded with what he knew." It is not necessary to go the unwise length of charging Shelley with conscious untruthfulness; but it is essential to show that a very slight knowledge of human nature will enable any impartial observer to understand Shelley's character a vast deal better than he himself understood it. The reasons for thinking that in 1814 Shelley believed that Harriet had been unfaithful are three: (a) that he told Mary so in pleading with her to join him in flight; (b) that when Godwin found his "unquestionable authority" Shelley adhered at his leisure to the statement made in his haste; (c) that writing to Southey in 1820 the solemn letter in which Heaven was called to witness that he was innocent as regards Harriet, Shelley used these significant words:

"You select a single passage out of a life otherwise not only spotless but spent in the impassioned pursuit of virtue, which looks like a blot, merely because I regulated my domestic arrangements without regard to the notions of the vulgar, although I might have done so quite conveniently had I descended to their base thoughts—this you call *guilt*?"

The first of these reasons is, from its very nature and circumstance, utterly untenable in any dispassionate judgment of Shelley's conduct. I should attach no more importance to a plea advanced at such a juncture and with such an object than to the transpontine exit speech of the burglar at Tanyrallt or to the Surrey melodrama of Shelley's threat of self-slaughter if Mary resisted his appeals. The second of the three reasons is proof of nothing but that Shelley clutched at any vague substantiation of an accusation which on his own lips had never been anything but vague. The third reason is of great consequence, because it clearly means that Shelley knew



in 1814 that it was within his power to obtain a divorce by some of the methods of annulling marriage that were then in vogue. I shall not say that this was not Shelley's belief in 1820; but if in 1814 he knew that he could divorce his wife, why did he not do so? Shelley answers the question for himself. It was because he would not descend to the base thoughts of the vulgar. Was man ever so completely blinded by passion? It was Shelley's duty to obtain a divorce if he could "have done so quite conveniently." It was his duty to Mary, who had no wish to be a mistress where it was possible to be a wife. It was his duty to Godwin, whose friendship need not have been outraged. If Shelley was more than just to Harriet in not attempting to secure a divorce he was thereby less than just to Mary. And to whom was his first allegiance due? To the woman who had defiled his bed, or to the woman he loved? In July, 1814, having convinced himself of Harriet's infidelity, Shelley's first duty must have been to Mary. Whether more than just to Harriet, or less than just to Mary in neglecting that first duty, Shelley at that juncture was not a moral man, because what he acted did not correspond with what he knew.

But it is not necessary to prove that Shelley was less than just to Mary in order to see that he was not more than just to Harriet. The facts are few, and now, thanks to Mr. Dowden, they are also very clear. In May, 1814, Shelley (who had re-married Harriet some six weeks before) absented himself from his home because he found life intolerable there, owing chiefly to the residence of his sister-in-law and her influence over his wife. He protested, and the sister-in-law removed herself to Bath, Harriet in anger going with her. Left to himself Shelley thought tenderly of his wife, and wrote a poem asking her forgiveness and pleading for her love. In this poem, now first published, dated May, 1814, Shelley spoke of his wife as "only virtuous, gentle, kind."

"Thy look of love has power to calm  
The stormiest passion of my soul.  
Thy gentle words are drops of balm  
In life's too bitter bowl."

Mr. Dowden says that this poem proves that "Harriet had assumed an attitude of hard alienation from her husband." We shall see. In the same month, May, Harriet being still in Bath, Shelley met Mary Godwin in London. On June 8 Shelley, accompanied by Hogg, saw Mary at her father's house, and the little that passed at that meeting abundantly proves that there had already been some intercourse of the nature of love. In the course of June Shelley addressed these lines to his new friend, Mary Godwin:

"Upon my heart thy accents sweet  
Of peace and pity fell like dew  
On flowers half dead; thy lips did meet  
Mine tremblingly, etc., etc."

Early in July Shelley presented a copy of his *Queen Mab* to Mary Godwin; and beneath the dedication to Harriet, in which he had spoken of his wife, a year earlier, as the inspirer of all that was purest and noblest in his mind and soul, he wrote this "veiled comment":—"Count Slobendorf was about to marry a woman who, attracted solely by his fortune,

proved her selfishness by deserting him in prison." Chivalry! The "divine poet," he who was "true, simple-hearted, and brave," he whose actions "corresponded with what he knew." "He had married a woman," says Mr. Dowden, "who, as he now persuaded himself, had never truly loved him, who loved only his fortune and his rank, &c." No, Shelley was not quite such a purse-proud self-deceiver. He did not believe his own "veiled comment"; but he could not, without an unmanly struggle, endanger the love of his new friend by showing how deeply he had loved another woman. Shelley knew that his wife had been so far from loving his fortune that she had shared his poverty and his wanderings; and that he himself had for a time lived chiefly on her money—her father's allowance—when he had neither the power nor the intention of earning their daily bread. His "veiled comment" was false, and he must have known that it was false. But if it had been true it must have been base; and a woman of more spirit and keener insight than Mary Godwin, however deeply her affections had been involved, would have thought less of the man who used such means to woo her.

Early in July, according to Mr. Dowden, while Shelley was writing love poems to Mary Godwin, he was still corresponding with his wife, and "keeping her informed of his whereabouts." But it seems that he "was coming to believe that his wedded union with Harriet was a thing of the past." Amazing discovery! In the first week of July his letters, hitherto very frequent, became fewer, and after a silence of four days—four days!—Harriet wrote to a friend saying that she was growing anxious as to not having heard from her husband for so long a time. To her the little interval was "an age," and she begged to be told what had happened to her husband and where he then was. Does this show that Harriet had "assumed an attitude of hard alienation?" It shows that on Harriet's part there was yet no serious estrangement whatever, and that thus far Shelley had not given her the smallest reason to fear that their life together might not soon be resumed. About the middle of July, that is, in five or six days, Shelley answered that pathetic appeal by summoning his wife to London. She came, and what passed is not fully known. What we do know is that Shelley told his wife that their "wedded union was a thing of the past." Harriet was made ill by the shock of that statement. There is not the slightest reason to suspect that Shelley, believing his wife to be unfaithful, charged her with her guilt. If he did not act like a man to Harriet, he acted like a coward to Mary. He told his new friend that Harriet, who, two months ago, was "only virtuous, gentle, kind," had forfeited the name of wife, and that her child would not be his. Did he behave as if he believed this? We shall see. Mr. Dowden says, "He could not again give a husband's heart to Harriet . . . and believing, too, that she would willingly accept freedom from the bondage of their wedded death-in-life," etc. What reason had he for so believing? None whatever that Mr. Dowden is able to show. "He quitted England," says Mr. Dowden, "sincerely convinced that Harriet had been willing to release him from the bitter con-

straint of their dual misery, and that she might herself be happy under the altered circumstance." Will the biographer pardon me for saying that Shelley did nothing of the kind? What he actually did was to write to Harriet a few days after his departure for the Continent, proposing that she should follow him, and take up her abode with or near himself and his mistress. "In me," he tells her, "you will at least find one firm and constant friend, to whom your interests will be always dear, by whom your feelings will never wilfully be injured." Not a word, not a whisper, about her infidelity! Not a syllable showing that Harriet might be happy under the altered conditions of a *liaison* with another man! Only a desire—a mad desire—to retain Harriet at his side on the "altered condition" that another woman should share his bed. The man who in 1814 wrote in this strain to his "dearest Harriet," the man who called himself her "firm and constant friend," the man who proposed that she should follow him to Geneva, was the man who in 1820 called Heaven to witness that he was innocent with regard to her, and that he might have divorced her if he could have descended to the base thoughts of the vulgar. The synopsis which Mr. Dowden gives of Mrs. Shelley's novel, *Lodore*, and the application he makes of it to Shelley's case, is additional evidence—trivial enough, to be sure, but with its triviality Mr. Dowden must lay his own account—that petty causes of estrangement, in which Miss Westbrook was the motive power, not a grievous dereliction of conjugal duty, led to the separation of Harriet and Shelley. Peacock's account of his interview with Shelley immediately before the elopement runs exactly parallel with the plot of *Lodore*. "It always appeared to me that you were very fond of Harriet," said Peacock; and Shelley answered, "But you do not know how I hated her sister!" Whereupon Mr. Dowden, with a resolute determination to accept Shelley's acts as against his words, makes this comment: "It is evident that Shelley did not confide to Peacock the complete story of his alienation from Harriet." It seems to be worse than unwise to wriggle like this out of the insurmountable difficulty that nothing that Shelley said, nothing that he did, and nothing that he omitted to do—including the strange fact that in after years he omitted to turn his back on his wife's supposed seducer—can justify the belief that when he separated from Harriet he believed her to be unfaithful.

Even if it were right to exonerate Shelley from a charge of duplicity or of most wilful self-deception in regard to Harriet, there is only one way of making what he did square with what he knew in other passages of his life, and that is by frankly saying that he was deficient in the moral sense. He who cares to follow this trace may find abundant evidence at every stage of Shelley's career; but he needs only two principal documents, *Laon and Cythna*, and the letter written from Troyes on August 13, 1814. In May, June and July, 1814, Shelley's sufferings between his sudden and violent passion for Mary and his remaining feeling—such as it was—for Harriet would, at the best, have made a total

bankruptcy of nearly any man's moral nature. But the man who earlier than this and later could regard as a vulgar prejudice the sacred instinct that holds a brother and sister at once together and apart, the man who could not see that there was "any natural and immutable law regulating the sexes except the law of mutual love and service," the man who did not shrink from asking his abandoned wife to share the society of the woman who had supplanted her, was a man who could have no moral nature to endure a collapse. If these are the only terms on which we can believe with Mr. Browning that "what Shelley was, he was with an admirable sincerity," then it is a disaster to the world that such a man should occupy the position of a leader of men, none the less that he was a heir of genius, all the more that he was not a profligate, but one who spent his life in a passionate pursuit of the thing he mistook for virtue.

Mr. Dowden has given us such a picture of the man as for fidelity, literalness, and fulness of detail may never again be equalled. He has done everything for Shelley that industry, insight, faithfulness, and loyalty could do. But the total effect produced is not invigorating to the better part of our sympathies. The man who is now revealed to us from top to toe may have been a great poet, but he was not a great man. He was not only not a moral man according to the laws of England; he was not a moral man according to the laws of nature. He was capable of splendid unselfishness, of noble sympathy with the downtrodden, and of a tenderness to the vanquished in life's struggles that one can scarcely think of without tears. But he was a man of diseased moral conscience, whose judgment of men and the world was daily being dishonoured by experience, who was strangely deficient in knowledge of the human heart, who was lacking in the saving humour that would have kept his sympathies sound, who was almost unable to be just to an enemy, and was capable of wild injustice to an alienated friend. He was a philosopher who acknowledged by his acts that his words had no practical bearing on real life. He was a philanthropist who might almost as profitably have cast his money into the sea and spent his energies in the cause of man in the region of the moon. The atmosphere of his life was mainly the atmosphere of hysteria. When Shelley asked Mrs. Turner what her brother Alfred thought of his flight with Mary, the lady replied, "That you have been playing a German tragedy." "Very severe, but very true," Shelley answered. But it was a turgid English melodrama without a hero; and notwithstanding Shelley's earnestness, his sincerity, his unselfishness, his sympathy, his tenderness, and, above all, his inexpressible personal charm, the story of his life is a splendid performance that is not calculated to do the world much good.

T. HALL CAINE.

*Sketches from My Life.* By the late Admiral Hobart Pasha. (Longmans.)

IMPERFECT as they are, and too hastily written, these sketches form a pleasing and not ungraceful memorial of one of the very few Englishmen of our day who, born to rank,

interest, and promotion, have chosen to defy, and successfully defy, British prejudices, social, professional, and political. Augustus Hobart at sixty-four was hardly likely to betray the diffuse wrong-headedness of youth or the effete garrulity of age. Middle life is not the autobiographical epoch. He was not looking back upon a closed career; but, like a busy man of affairs, just utilised the enforced leisure of the sick-room to jot down a few reminiscences in his own plain, modest, yet confident, manner. His last words were as characteristic of himself as they are affecting now to all who mourn him.

"If I bring these pages to a somewhat abrupt conclusion, it is because I have had the bad luck to get a chill out shooting, and have been somewhat seriously ill. However, I have hope that there is 'life in the old dog yet,' and that I may before long have some other adventures of a similar description to add to these 'unvarnished sketches' of my life."

And this was written in the last stage of a hopeless illness, a few days before that death whose approach he sturdily refused to recognise. Nor was such fortitude the outcome of a rough, coarse nature; for we cannot too highly praise his delicate reticence and forbearance. He suppresses the names of his private enemies. The very names of their ships are so faintly indicated by initials that only the experts whom it may concern will trouble to track them out. He has not studied in the new school of posthumous calumny and testamentary libel—"e'en in their ashes live their wonted fires"—who, launching Greek fire and stink-pots from behind the tomb, would tempt us to misread the old maxim as "De superstitibus nil nisi bonum," and, revising Solon, to cry, "Call no man formidable till his death." In his scramble through life Hobart jostled against many a knave and many a fool who deserved exposure; but seemingly he felt that each has a little following—if only one or two—of harmless believers who love and admire him for such measure of good as, unseen of the world, is in him, and who must needs weep to see their idol stripped and mocked. He passes lightly over his somewhat neglected childhood and first three years at sea under a bad captain. That a man of rank and breeding should illtreat a child of twelve—a relative confided to his care—so barbarously, ought to be, but is not, incredible. The wretch belonged to a type nearly extinct—"He was a handsome young man, with fine features, darkened, however, by a deep scowl"—the old type of the essentially wicked man. No one is unaffectedly wicked nowadays, because no one enjoys such despotic power as those captains of the old school.

When engaged in the suppression of the slave trade young Hobart witnessed an instance (p. 22) of that unscrupulous and insolent naval policy which made our ships too often a byword. In this case, a sanguinary encounter and fatal *casus belli* was averted by the humane surrender of his rights by the French commander. The passage is too long for quotation. Hobart took part in the expedition to Paraguay in 1839, and praises highly—perhaps unduly—the order and prosperity of the Jesuit rule, before we murdered Paraguay, among other victims, by our precious Liberating Policy. Of slaver-hunting and the

great Emancipation bubble Hobart writes with distressing candour and highly improper veracity. As a philanthropic and deservedly self-satisfied nation, we object to be reminded that philanthropy itself invented the slave-trade; or that the worst plantation was a heaven compared to the hell of cannibal Africa; or that the horrors of the slave ships were entirely due to our interference; or about the spies in our pay, and the wholesale corruption we encouraged; or that, after all, we simply stole the slaves ourselves from their purchasers and enslaved them to work seven years for us in Demerara, and then, by emancipation, opened to them (or such as survived) the glorious vista of vice, want, and degradation. Such remarks are most true, most imprudent, most impertinent and should be put down. For the baleful reign of Philanthropy—that thirsty vampire which has long brooded over the sleep of Humanity—has not yet passed away, and simple truth is still blasphemy.

Hobart's interviews with Antonelli and Pio Nono (chap. viii.) contribute something to the history of the Pope's flight to Gaeta. More important is the author's justification of his seizure of the *Enosis* at Syra, a leading case in the law of blockade. Here Hobart is probably right upon a point where England has usually taken too moderate a view of her rights. Of the blockade-running adventures we will only say they are exciting and racy. Had Marryat practised the sport he would have described it not much better. Nor will we venture out of our depth to criticise the author's remarks on military and naval tactics, Turk and Russian; or his mockery of torpedoes. One story, however, is as curious as it is exciting. Hobart's flagship once caught the Czar's splendid yacht, the *Livadia*, in the disgraceful act of pillaging and burning a poor little Turkish merchant ship, and chased the imperial marauder across the Euxine into Sebastopol. Another story throws light on news manufacture. A Turkish ironclad hastening with stores to Sulina reported that on her way she had casually chased a Russian cruiser, but could only spare time to exchange a few shots. Soon after appeared a paragraph in the *Times*: "Turkish ironclad driven off and nearly destroyed by the Russian mail-boat cruiser *Vesta*," describing

"how the *Vesta* had engaged at close quarters a Turkish ironclad, killing her crew; how officers in European uniform had been seen directing the working of the Turkish guns, &c.; how her sides were crimson with the torrents of blood pouring from her decks; and how she would have been surely captured had the *Vesta* been provided with sufficient ammunition. It added that the gallant Russian commander was received with the greatest enthusiasm on his arriving at Sebastopol, and immediately promoted to high rank, and covered with decorations."

The author is too fair not to add that, when the impostor was found out, he was instantly degraded. For Admiral Hobart was a generous enemy. He admires and celebrates the military virtues and splendid gallantry of the Russians. He deplores and blames himself that, like others, he saw too late the superior resources and indomitable courage of the Federal Americans. It was not his fault that fate once opposed him to the only nation



which discerning tolerance could not respect—the greedy Greeks. The rebel Southern States had his sympathy in their foolish, heroic struggle for liberty and existence. He was not blind to their glaring faults; but his strong sense was revolted at the hypocritical paradox of an eighty-year-old confederacy founded on Secession throttling Secession by civil war. One foreign people above all—and the one he knew best, and had known in their bitter life and death struggle, when national character flashes out in supreme sincerity—claimed his honest respect. Experience presented the Ottoman Turks to this practical sailor as history presents them to the philosopher—dispelling the mists of ignorant, intolerant prejudice which still float down to us from crusading days to distort our view of that noble race of few inherent vices and many splendid and deep-rooted virtues. Cramped by circumstance, their political genius distorted by the glamour of an alien Semitic faith, their government a vile ferment of Western leaven among the dregs of Oriental corruption, unwilling, and now unable, to march side by side on the path of progress with the nations which for ages have reviled while they feared them, the Turks might yet have found mercy had they not scandalised Europe by the fatal imprudence, the unpardonable sin, of practising Christian virtue apart from Christianity. All which surely we may regret when we reflect that in the moral sphere, above mere racial and historical affinities, the Turk claims a far nearer kinship to the Englishman than does even the Spanish Goth. Religious differences have hardly ever marred our genuine intimate camaraderie with the Magyars, in the rare cases where intercourse has existed; between us and the Turks a wider chasm of bigotry has yawned, engulfing those who have charitably tried to leap it. Our grandfathers would have openly called Hobart Pasha a renegade—we only think him so—our grandchildren will do neither. Our utmost stretch of indulgence is to excuse the sailor because he was only a sailor. Sailing away as a boy, and all his life, from the charmed circle of insular prejudice, learning life by living, and foreign peoples in their own homes instead of in British parlours, lecture-rooms, and missionary meetings, Admiral Hobart, like many another sailor of vigorous understanding, unsophisticated conscience, and limited culture, failed to appreciate the time-honoured prejudice which should have forbidden him to respect in the infidel those very virtues—dignity, sobriety, fortitude, domesticity, truth, generosity, and love of justice—which he had been taught to revere as the peculiar appanage of his own countrymen. In his eyes the swindling Greek was no better than the corrupt Pasha, the savage Bashi Bazouk no worse than the cut-throat Bulgarian, and none of them half so bad as the Atrocity-monger. He may be at times superficial and inaccurate; but that his main views will ultimately prevail, and that the simple annals of his life now before us will come to be read with keener and more enlightened interest, is a prognostication rather than a prophecy.

E. PURCELL.

## THE PALESTINE PILGRIMS' TEXT SOCIETY.

*Of the Buildings of Justinian by Procopius.* Translated by Aubrey Stewart, and Annotated by Col. Sir C. W. Wilson and Prof. Hayter Lewis. Map, Plates, and Plans. (Printed for the Society.)

*Description of Syria, including Palestine, by Mukaddasi.* Translated from the Arabic, and Annotated by Guy le Strange. Map and Plans. (Printed for the Society.)

THESE, the last two publications of the Palestine Pilgrims' Text Society, are valuable contributions to the topography of Syria and Palestine.

The *De Aedificiis* of Procopius has, so far as I know, never before been translated into English, with the exception of the few pages relating to Jerusalem, of which a version will be found in the second volume of Williams's *Holy City* and the appendix to Fergusson's *Temples of the Jews*. The present translation is well done, and accompanied by numerous illustrations and plans. The notes, as might be expected from their authors, are valuable and strictly illustrative; and Prof. Lewis in the appendix has added one on the church of St. Mary in Jerusalem, in which, while frankly expressing his own inclination to identify it with the Mosque El Aksa, he has fairly stated the opposing theories of Fergusson and Goeje, and declined to offer any *ex cathedra* opinion until after a second visit (from which he has just returned) to Jerusalem. This is a marked improvement on the notes to Antoninus in a former issue of the society, on which I commented some eighteen months ago (see *ACADEMY*, February 7, 1885).

On that occasion I remarked that "an English version of Mokaddasi and some of the other writers recently edited by Goeje would be a boon of the first magnitude." It is with proportionate satisfaction that I now find Mokaddasi made available for the first time to students who are ignorant of Arabic. The tract is in every way a most interesting one; and, so far as I have been able to compare it in part with a MS. version kindly made for myself by Prof. Robertson, of Glasgow, the translation, while very readable, seems also thoroughly reliable.

In many points the information to be gleaned from this author is as instructing as it is novel. To the student of the topography of Jerusalem it is of especial importance. From Mokaddasi we learn for the first time that in the latter part of the tenth century the dome of the rock was in the actual possession of the Mohammedans, and that confronting it there was a Christian Church of remarkable magnificence. The date, therefore, assigned by the late Mr. Fergusson to the transference of the Church of the Sepulchre must be given up; and that transference must, by those who adopt his views, be assigned to the period of the Persian invasion (A.D. 614), of the capture of the city by Omar (A.D. 637), or of the Caliphate of Abd-el-Melek (A.D. 688).

I regret that the translator has given no account of the original recensions of his author. These, as described by Goeje, are two in number: B, the Berlin Codex, and C, the Constantinople one. The latter is the

briefest of the two; but there seems difficulty in deciding whether it was abbreviated from the other, or whether the Berlin version formed a second and enlarged recension. It would have added much to the interest of the translation had the passages omitted in the shorter version as well as those included in it, but not in the Berlin edition, been specially noted. I regret also to see that the map of Jerusalem unhesitatingly identifies Zion with the western hill, though the shading would indicate that the possibility of the south-east corner of the Haran area being *not* on a slope is beginning to be admitted. The notes are very full and very fair. I have noticed only one mistake. On p. 41 the "Masjid al Aksa" is said to be "known to the Franks as the Mosque of Omar." This is an evident slip of the writer, though, perhaps, nearer to the truth than he suspected. On p. 46 he corrects himself by explaining

"that the term mosque [masjid] includes not only the main edifice and its courts [here the Aksa mosque], but also the whole of the area [here the temple area or noble sanctuary] which is round the mosque and all the buildings thereunto appertaining."

May I suggest to the council that a version of Istakhri (also included in Goeje's work) might well follow that of Mokaddasi?

ALEX. B. McGRIGOR.

## NEW NOVELS.

*The Story of Philip Methuen.* By Mrs. J. H. Needell. In 3 vols. (Blackwood.)

*The Copper Queen.* By Blanche Roosevelt. In 3 vols. (Ward & Downey.)

*A House Party.* By Ouida. (Hurst & Blackett.)

*The Senior Major.* By Philip Gaskell. In 3 vols. (White.)

*The Psychologist.* By Putnam P. Bishop. (Putnam's Sons.)

*Spoilt by Matrimony.* By E. Jahn. (White.)

*John Jerome.* By Jean Ingelow. (Sampson Low.)

MRS. NEEDELL'S new novel is not an improvement on *Lucia, Hugh, and Another*. It is not a whit more powerful, and it is even less pleasant. Indeed, but for the moral earnestness which pervades *The Story of Philip Methuen*, it might have been inferred, from a reading of it, that the author had been making a careful study of one of the numerous types of French realism, and had sought to reproduce it, with English variations. Anna Methuen, at all events, recalls M. Ohnet's Countess Sarah. They are equally "superb" in the physical sense, equally undisciplined, and equally unscrupulous; and it must be regarded as really a matter of little moment—merely a silver streak of difference—that Anna is passionately devoted to the man who is her husband, while Sarah is passionately devoted to a man who is not her husband. Mrs. Needell has not so much written a novel as propounded an ethico-social problem, and solved it wrongly. Philip Methuen is betrothed to Honor Aylmer, whom he loves, as he himself is loved, intensely. He leaves his country-house

for his London apartments. To his horror he finds there Anna Trevelyan, the daughter of an eccentric or moral waif he had met abroad, and to whom he had promised to extend a strictly friendly protection. Anna has conceived an ardent passion for Methuen, to which he gives no response whatever. In despair, on hearing of his intended marriage, she leaves her aunt's house, and proceeds to his lodgings in London, where she has, indeed, been two days before she is discovered by him. He is a member of the Church of Rome, a man of absolute veracity, in whom rectitude approximates to saintliness. He has warned Adrian Earle, a lover of Anna's, that she is not "worthy" of him, and he does not spare her when he finds her at his feet in his room. Her aunt arrives on the scene, and she and her husband, a rather weak clergyman, insist that he is bound in "honour" to marry Anna. He agrees, and the result is misery to him, to Honor Aylmer, and to Anna herself. But this is precisely what Methuen ought not to have done. He is above all things a conscience-worshipper, and had he obeyed the dictates of his conscience he would have refused at all hazards to marry a woman who had simply committed an outrage upon him, who had, perhaps, compromised him but whom he had not compromised. The tragedy of Philip Methuen, for such is his "story" in every sense, is unreal and artistically unnecessary. But once this serious difficulty is got over, it must be allowed that Anna Methuen is a powerful, a repulsively powerful sketch of a woman who has not, and does not attempt to acquire, any command over her passions, and whom jealousy makes a murderess in intent, if not in fact. It is almost a stroke of genius to allow her, in the end, to consent to marry Adrian Earle after Philip Methuen's death, not because she cares for him, but because she cannot live alone. Philip Methuen, too, is a striking portrait, though not so striking or finished with such painstaking care as Anna. Philip wants the last only of Balthasar Gracian's three S's—Sanctity, Soundness of Body, and Sageness—to have been a happy man. Imperfect as he is, he would, under different auspices, have made an admirable Jesuit missionary.

If Miss Roosevelt had but tried to achieve a little less in *The Copper Queen*, she would have accomplished a good deal more. As it stands, this book is a monument of industry, and a quarry out of which numerous American novels may be obtained in the future. Californian swindling and fortune-hunting, the great fire of Chicago, fashionable frivolity and aestheticism in New York, English society presided over by the Prince of Wales and leavened by *Americaines*, a financial vendetta, a murder, a suicide (?), a bigamy, a screaming farce of a trial *à la Guiteau*—these are only a few of the plums in Miss Roosevelt's pie. Her novel is as formidable in point of size and of variety of contents as a Corporation banquet, and is very nearly as difficult of digestion. Yet there are good things—in the shape both of good incidents and good characters—in a *Copper Queen*. Thus, boarding-school life in Chicago is sketched with liveliness and humour. Nor does Miss Roosevelt ever quite forget amidst her marvellous wanderings her heroine Enilda Rozen, or that heroine's true American and false English

lover, who are the best characters in the book. Her description of the Chicago fire is a disappointment. Her picture of English society is a caricature, which has not even the merit of being amusing. As for the Baron D'Orbach, *alias* Black Bill of Chicago, he is such a preposterous scoundrel that it is quite incredible that even America could harbour him. Yet, with all its faults, there is more of power and promise in this story than in many novels that, from the artistic point of view, are infinitely more satisfactory.

*A House Party* is either the most frankly Afra Behnish or the most deliberately Juvenalian of all Ouida's works. She does not indicate which, and the matter is of little consequence. It cannot be described as a novel. It is really the unroofing of a fashionable bagnio. Surrenden Court, the seat of the Earl of Usk, is, as that interesting and candid peer describes it, an Agapemone, when his wife has her "house party" in it. Lady Usk deliberately invites wives without their husbands and husbands without their wives, to promote what "men call gallantry and gods adultery"—only that the gallantry is conspicuous by its absence. The education of the members of this party is, we gather from the language they use, inferior to that of children at a country Board school. They talk of politics, that is to say, they abuse "Bradlaugh" and "Joe" Chamberlain—was *A House Party* written before the split in the Liberal party over the Home Rule question?—after the fashion of stable boys who pick up the crumbs of invective let fall by their masters. Even when they are engaged in the business that has brought them together, they use a jargon which is an unlovely mixture of ungrammatical English and Lower Empire French. "That kind of connexions are invariably dangerous, invariably," remarks the philosopher of the Surrenden Court party. Ouida's folks speak out freely about scandals before young girls, even before their own young girls.

"A naughty woman is delightful," observes Lord Brandolin, the Lancelot of the House Party, to Lady Usk, his hostess; "but then she is, if you marry her, compromising. Which am I to take of the two? I would be bored to death by what Renan calls *la femme pure*, and against *la femme tarée* as a wife I have a prejudice. . . . I have really thought I would marry a high caste Hindoo woman. They [*sic*, of course] are very beautiful, and their forms far more exquisite than any European's, being wholly uncramped by stays." "I don't think," remonstrates Lady Usk, who oddly enough is a "pure" woman, although she does not object to her husband "flirting" with Dulcia Lady Waverley, "that you need be afraid of the young girls of our time being innocent. They are *éveillées* enough, Heaven knows, and experienced enough in all conscience." Brandolin confirms this view by saying, "The girls of the day are horrible. Nothing is unknown to them. They smoke, they gamble, they flirt without decency or grace," &c.

*A House Party* winds up with the marriage of this marvellous Brandolin to Vera Sabaroff, a Russian widow, whose antecedents are enveloped in a cloud of malignant gossip, but who proves, with the help of a sort of screen-scene, that she has not been the mistress of a man who had plied her with "half-hearted

and shallow erotics." Not that it would have mattered to Brandolin if she had, his indifference proving that, as his future wife puts it, "he has a great nature." Do the Usks, and the Waverleys, and the Brandolins exist only in Ouida's remarkable imagination, or are there really creatures in some moral slum of England who are aping the heroes and heroines of the Wycherley drama, without their capacity for saying smart things, and with as little regard for decency? This question is all that *A House Party* suggests, but it is an important question.

Mr. Philip Gaskell evidently knows something of garrison life, but his *The Senior Major* is a rather silly, an intolerably long, and an unpleasant book. Three volumes are taken up with the adventures of Dorothy Grainger, an *ingenue* and a goose, who has to run the gauntlet of the ruffianly attentions of officers the majority of whom are the reverse of gentlemen, and who consider her "fair game" because she is poor. There is, of course, a Sir Galahad in the person of Major Beresford; but why does he not thrash his colonel within an inch of his life, or have him tried for murder?

If the American Special Providence, who, while playing the title-role in *The Psychologist*, talks slang, theology, and the Baconian method at intervals between making love and distributing cheques, had been kept, in point of self-importance and fluency, to one-fifth of his present dimensions, we should have said that Mr. Bishop had produced an amusing and readable book. When Mr. Ralph Jorman is not Jormandising, or doling out what he chooses to consider psychology, or when he is not making such hopelessly American statements as "My heart is as flabby as a chunk of macerated tripe," he talks a great deal of good sense. Here is, for example, a recipe for the reformation of a young man who has almost drunk himself into *delirium tremens*, which has surely not been published before:

"It is probable that I shall give him whiskey, but I may see reason for substituting brandy. I shall get him off to the plane of teetotalism with a little champagne. Besides I have a preparation of bromide, and some of Valentine's meat lozenges."

Then a good deal may be said for the plot of *The Psychologist*, and unquestionably for one or two of the chief characters in it—notably Mrs. Erdby, an attractive and misunderstood widow, and Orrin Barleck, the young man who needs and accepts Jorman's recipe, only to plunge from spirituous into spiritual excesses—are cleverly sketched. But the effect of the whole is unsatisfactory and even irritating. Mr. Bishop should in future publish his "philosophical" essays, and his stories of American life, manners, and money-making, in separate volumes.

Mr. Jahn should have made it clear whose life it is in his story that is really "spoilt by matrimony." Lucy Neville commits suicide because she does not reach the state of matrimony, and Sophy Neville might have been spared the discomfort of figuring for a time as a "suspect" had she availed herself at an earlier period of an opportunity that is offered her of entering that state. As for Mr. Ashton, the amorous rector, Sophy Neville says of him that he "will either marry the



first woman who comes in his way, or he will turn more ritualistic and ascetic than ever; and, after a short period of repentance for his sins, he will live and die in the full odour of sanctity." Possibly; but, as Mr. Ashton does not marry anybody in Mr. Jahn's pages, it cannot be said that he is spoiled by matrimony. This may seem a matter of detail; but then so is nearly everything in this book. It wants backbone in the shape of a compact plot. Thus, no sufficiently good reason is shown why the scene of the story should shift from a forest on the frontiers of France in the time of the war of 1870-71 to a country parish in England, with its amorous and ritualistic rector. One or two of the characters in *Spoilt by Matrimony*—Sophy Neville, her German captain, and her eminently superior cousin, Horace Young—would have been rather good, if only Mr. Jahn had done them justice, or allowed them to do justice to themselves.

Miss Ingelow's "book without beginning," as she terms her *John Jerome*, is a failure. It is a story with ever so little of a plot and ever so many digressions. Even when Miss Ingelow is compelled by the exigencies of a story, as in *Sarah de Berenger*, to adhere to the ordinary rules that govern plot-construction, she is prone to divagations of positively alarming length. But when, as in *John Jerome*, she deliberately revels in "thoughts," she becomes tedious in the last degree, the more especially as this "thinking" is of the most comprehensive kind, and includes sea-sickness, women's rights, the "habits" (*sic*) of the Deity, and the sausages, embraces, and part-songs of Germans. In this sea of "thought" there disport themselves Myself (a young man with a limp), She (a cousin to whom he is attached), and Another, to whom She is engaged, and who bears the intolerably odious name of Tudor Smutt. There is only one good—in the sense of ordinarily human—scene in *John Jerome*, that in which Myself administers a moral horse-whipping to Another, and all for the sake, and with a view to the reversion, of She. WILLIAM WALLACE.

#### GIFT-BOOKS.

*The Startling Exploits of Dr. J. B. Quies.* From the French of Paul Célière. By Mrs. Cashel Hoey and Mr. John Lillie. With 120 Illustrations. (Sampson Low.) The author of this amusing book of involuntary travels declared that he would be content if he avoided boring his readers; but his flight of fancy is so originally designed, and so lightly accomplished, that he may expect as many admirers in this country as he has already found among the young people in France. The meek little archaeologist who is borne sorely against his will from Algeria to Khartum, by horse, camel, and ostrich post, reminds us in some points of the inimitable Tartarin, whom he equals in dignity and ingenuity of resource. The excellent comic servant, and the inevitable baronet in the desert, sustain their parts with unusual freshness. The translation is correct, and the illustrations are numerous and finely executed.

*The Log of the "Flying Fish."* A Story of Aerial and Submarine Peril and Adventure. By Harry Collingwood. With Twelve full-page illustrations by Gordon Browne. (Blackie.) We have had occasion before now to praise Mr. Collingwood's stories of the sea. His new

volume is full of even more vividly recounted adventures than those which charmed so many boy-readers in *Pirate Island* and the *Congo Rivers*. There is, perhaps, some danger that he may exhaust the whole field of marvels, and bring his audience to a premature condition of satiety. Certainly a good deal may be expected from the owners of a vessel of inexhaustible power and swiftness, made of a metal as light as thistle-down and a hundred times stronger than steel; and the crew of the *Flying Fish* do their best to combine amusement with instruction at the North Pole, at the bottom of the sea, and in Central Africa, as they may happen to be for the moment. There is a thrilling adventure on the precipices of Mount Everest, when the ship floats off, and 'providentially' returns by force of "gravitation," or, as it should be, "capillary attraction." The electric dagger, which not only kills by a shock, but also inflicts a severe wound, is an instance of the over-abundance of machinery which somewhat oppresses us during the story of the voyage; and we cannot help feeling that the glimpse of live mammoths and unicorns is a waste of good material that might be worked up into another exciting romance.

*The Adventurous Voyage of the "Polly," and other Yarns.* By S. Whitechurch Sadler, R.N. (S.P.C.K.) These are all capital yarns of old cruises after slave-ships, told with vigour and in a manly style. They will, doubtless, be read with avidity by numberless boys, who will learn from them nothing but what is wholesome. They are full of adventures, and fights, and mutinies, and other things pleasant to read about as we sit at home at ease. The writer is not a Marryat, to be sure. There is not much individuality about the characters; the boy who sailed in the *Polly* has little to distinguish him from the hero of the *Good Intent*, or that of the *Vixen*. But this is of little consequence in stories so full of incident. And whatever defects they may have are not likely to be discovered till the reader has arrived breathless at the end of them.

*Perseverance Island; or, The Robinson Crusoe of the Nineteenth Century.* By Douglas Frazer. Illustrated. (Blackie.) The unfortunate mariner whose adventures are here described had, we are told, a great advantage over the original Crusoe in his practical knowledge of the common arts and sciences. On the other hand, he has no well-supplied wreck at hand, and has to make his own powder. This, however, is but a slight matter to one who can make Bessemer steel and all the delicate machinery required for a submarine boat, and who can generally, out of the most unpromising materials, supply himself with "implements of power and instruments of science," and do "thousands of things that the old Robinson Crusoe never dreamed of doing." We must confess that we do not see the advantage of making out the hero of our childhood to have been "a bungler at everything which he undertook." We are disposed, however, to admit that the new Crusoe was a good mechanic, and "ingenious and inventive on sea and land"; and we rejoice when he becomes by luck and industry a millionaire, twenty times as rich as Monte Cristo. We could wish that he had spared the sea-serpent, another old friend whose romance is rubbed off by the practical mechanic. He turns out to be a sea-serpent of the ordinary kind, and to be much such a snake as was seen from the deck of the *Daedalus*, only with more unpleasant eyes. The sea-serpent has no chance against the mechanic in the diving-boat, and is very soon harpooned and brought to shore. The goats are of a superior breed, and learn to work an engine and to play backgammon in a way which would have astonished the original Robinson. There is a good story of buccaneers,

reminding the reader of *Treasure Island*, at a considerable distance; and there are incidents which recall the ingenious *Swiss Family Robinson*. On the whole it is an amusing book, got up in good style, and amply furnished with attractive illustrations.

*The Lottery Ticket: a Tale of Tellemarken.* By Jules Verne. With thirty-eight Illustrations. (Sampson Low.) Those who expect a fresh tale of wonder from the author of "The Journey to the Moon" will be dissatisfied with a simple story of peasant-life in Norway, in which nothing more exciting happens than the drawing of a prize-ticket by the right person. The author has driven a *carriole* over the Paradise Hills and looked into the glassy Tyri Fjord; he has sailed through the storm-haunted Hardanger and gazed at the Fall of the Rjukan-Foss, which, with pardonable exaggeration, he declares to be six times as high as Niagara; and he brought away with him "an impression of poetry and charm," which reappears in his simple story. Like most of his countrymen, he is somewhat indifferent to exactness of detail. The boatmen of "Tellemarken" do not use frail canoes of birch-bark, and the traveller must have been fifty years too late to see the "common cake" made of bark "mixed with lichens and choppings of straw." The translation is somewhat stiff, and some of his readers will be puzzled by such expressions as "the high pylones of the silver mines," and such awkward adjectives as "feminized" and "torrential." The story is good of its kind, and the illustrations are spirited and accurate, though exception might possibly be taken to the "Dance upon the Green" by those who have seen "the bride's crown danced off" in the farm-kitchen at the end of a Norwegian wedding.

*The Prairie Chief.* By R. M. Ballantyne. (Nisbet.) All boys are prepared to extend a hearty welcome to any book by Mr. Ballantyne, and they will not be disappointed by *The Prairie Chief*, which seems to us one of his best. The plot as a whole is perhaps not quite so thrilling as usual; but there is no lack of exciting incidents, the descriptions of little Tom's adventure with the bear, and of the rescue of the missionary and the women from the camp of the Blackfeet, being especially good. These Blackfeet are not what they ought to be; but the majority of Mr. Ballantyne's Indians are most delightful and estimable people, and he seems to be ambitious of becoming hierophant of the cult of "the noble red man"—a post which has been vacant since the death of Fenimore Cooper. Whitefoot would be quite an acquisition to a Tyburnian drawing-room.

*Boy's Own Stories.* By Ascott R. Hope. (Fisher Unwin.) Mr. Hope long ago proved himself an admirable writer for boys, and his work is all the more refreshing for having a salt of individuality not to be found in that of many of his rivals. We find it even in this volume, though the nine historical stories of which it consists are taken from foreign sources, and Mr. Hope's task has been simply one of translation and adaptation. Still, his work, such as it is, has been admirably performed. The stories are well-selected, and are so told as to convey a good deal of instruction to boy-readers, who will suppose they are being only entertained.

*At the South Pole; or, the Adventures of Ralph Pengeley.* By W. G. H. Kingston. (Cassell.) That always admirable and delightful writer, Mr. Kingston, has again combined instruction, amusement, and intense interest in this thrilling story of adventures in the Polar Regions of the South. Ralph Pengeley's narrative of his hairbreadth escapes from the heartless master of a South-Sea whaler, from closing icebergs,

from strange monsters of the deep, and from the innumerable horrors of a winter upon an ice island are thrilling enough to satisfy the most exigent of boy readers; and even the hardened adult who has once opened the book does not find it very easy to close it. Our only complaint is that the illustrations are—to say the least—unequal to the text.

*The Life of Robert Fulton.* By Thomas W. Knox. (New York and London: Putnam.) To all boys, especially those with a taste for engineering, this book will be heartily welcome. Fulton was a mechanical genius, one of the pioneers of steam navigation, and the inventor of submarine boats, torpedoes, and a number of other ingenious contrivances for the convenience and destruction of mankind. He was the engineer of the Erie Canal, and the designer of what was probably the first cast-iron aqueduct in England. He also painted a panorama. For other details of his interesting life, boys are referred to Mr. Knox's book, which also contains a short history of steam navigation from its commencement down to the present time. This is carefully compiled and written in a style that all can understand. It is also abundantly illustrated with pictures of steamboats from the *Fulton the First*, to the *Great Eastern*.

*Tales of Captivity and Exile.* (Blackie.) This volume, as the title indicates, is a collection of stories of famous captives and exiles, in which young people are almost certain to be interested. Something of the same kind has, we think, been done before, but the anonymous author writes with both freshness and brightness; and the very old-fashioned fathers and mothers, tutors and governors, who fight shy of fiction will find it to their taste. The book, like most of Messrs. Blackie & Son's productions, is very creditably illustrated.

*Madame Tabby's Establishment.* By Kari. Illustrated by L. Wain. (Macmillan.) This is a book of really fresh character both in text and illustrations. Seeing how much life and individuality the author can give to cats and kittens, and how much invention has been spent in imagining a new cat-world and a romantic cat-life, much may be expected of the author when he (or she) turns his (or her) attention to a story of human existence. They are all distinct personages these pussies—Madame Tabby and her governesses, Whisky and Phisky, and her pupils, Diana and Snowball. Prince Jumpy Wumpy is a real aristocrat and fine gentleman, and Krank is a picture of the noble bandit, nor must the distinguished warrior Roki be omitted from the list of characters impressed with strong personality. In the illustrations the artist has entered perfectly into the spirit of the author, and the technical skill and fine humour displayed in them is quite unusual. There ought to be a future in store for both collaborators in this very fresh and sprightly book, which brims over with fun and fancy. The illustrations have been very carefully cut, and little can have been lost of the fine draughtsmanship and subtle expression of the artist.

*The Story of Old Widdy.* By Zala. (Oliphant, Anderson, and Ferrier.) Another cat story of a very different and inferior type, but still readable and not unpleasant. We doubt if it is advisable to put into little girls' heads the notion that they should strive to make "a mark in life," or that the way to begin is to write a mild little story about a cat; but there are many more foolish and unwholesome tales than this.

*Jessamine and her Lesson Books, and why She was late for Gipsy Tea.* By C. Birley. (Skeffington.) Why was Jessamine late for gipsy tea, and what has that got to do with lesson books? This is

a secret which we would not divulge for worlds. If we did we should spoil all the pleasure of reading this very little book, which is only thirty-five pages long. It is enough to say that there is both pleasure and profit in store for the little ones who read it; for Jessamine was really awfully naughty, so naughty indeed that we wonder that the kitchen ceiling did not fall down. It would, we believe, if Jessamine had been there instead of in the garden. But we are beginning to let out the secret, and must stop, only adding that she was punished in a quite new way which nobody could possibly ever guess, and that it did her a great deal of good.

*A Garland of Seven Lilies.* By M. Linskill. (S.P.C.K.) This story does not lack prettiness and grace, tender sentiment and a number of other things which go to the making of a nice book for girls. The seven lilies are seven young ladies brought up in the lap of luxury and obliged to leave their big house for a little one. Some of them lose their lovers, two get happily married, one dies, and another has her mind upset and runs away for a little while, leaving the other lilies in great anxiety till she is found again. They are all lilies of high principle and aesthetic tastes, and they make their cottage as pretty as the mansion; and, though the number of their dishes at dinner is reduced in number, those that are left are still beautifully cooked. There is no plot to speak of, and the dialogue, though clever and refined, is rather artificial; and we feel when we have read the last of the 383 pages, that we have not enjoyed ourselves quite so much as we should have done in such superior company.

*The Girls' Own Annual: (Leisure Hour Office.)* This is *The Girls' Own Paper* for the year bound up into a volume. It scarcely needs any further word of commendation from us, and we will only congratulate those concerned in its production on the result of their year's work, and wish success in future for a periodical which week by week affords to thousands of homes, at an expense which can scarcely be felt, a supply of honest information and wholesome amusement.

In *Robinson Crusoe: His Life and Adventures after Daniel Defoe* (S.P.C.K.), we have the old story told in a condensed form, and in the third person, but at sufficient length to retain interest. The book is attractively got-up, and is profusely illustrated with bright chromolithographs after water-colour drawings by Carl Marr. Among books for quite young children, *Pictures and Rhymes for Holiday Times* (S.P.C.K.) may be mentioned as sure to meet with approval in the nursery. *Christmas Roses* (Griffith, Farran, & Co.) with its pretty binding and pictures of animals and children, is another book of the same type. In both cases the verses are second to the pictures.

#### NOTES AND NEWS.

THE first volume of the "Manual Edition" of the *Septuagint*, based on the Vatican MS., with the variations of the other principal Uncials, edited by Dr. Swete, of Gonville and Caius College, may be expected from the Cambridge Press in the course of a few months. The volume will extend to the end of the Second Book of Kings.

DR. FURNIVALL has in the press for the New Shakespeare Society his volume of *Three Hundred Fresh Allusions to Shakspeare, 1594-1694*. He is specially anxious to get an allusion in the year 1659, as that is the only one for which no reference to Shakspeare has yet been sent to him, or found by him, in the poet's *Century of Praise*. The whole number of known allusions is now about 700, an average of seven a year,

which is kept up even during the time when Shakspeare is supposed to have been under a cloud, and which, of course, largely increased during the century following. Further search will doubtless raise the number to at least 1,000.

THE new edition of Mr. H. T. Wharton's *Sappho*, which has already been announced in the ACADEMY, will be ready for issue to subscribers before the end of this month. The Greek text is printed from a fount of type, imitating the best cursive MSS., which has been specially cast for the purpose in Berlin. A facsimile in autotype is given of supposed fragments of Sappho, which were recently discovered on a papyrus at Berlin. Several other additions of some importance have been made; and the whole book has been subjected to a most careful revision. Mr. Wharton's address is 39 St. George's Road, Kilburn.

*Monuments of the Early Printers* is the title of a catalogue promised by Mr. Quaritch, which will quicken the pulses of many a bibliophile. It is in sections, formed by chronological and geographical arrangement, and the first division is about to be published, devoted to the Germanic countries. Sixteen volumes, under the names of Gutenberg, Fust, and Schoeffer, including the Psalter of 1459, and the mysterious Catholicon of 1460, illustrate the labours of the men who gave existence to the printing press, and an imperishable distinction to the city of Mentz. Under Strassburg there are ten books, equally divided between Mentelin and Eggesteyn, one book in each five bearing its printer's name; but the volumes which are distinguished by the peculiar R do not appear under Mentelin's name, having been transferred (in accordance with newer theories) to Cologne, where we find them placed next in succession to the works of Ulrich Zell. Zell's first and second dated books, the Chrysostom of 1466 and the Augustine of 1467, give peculiar value to this department; and among the Ther Hoerners there is also a dated specimen of 1471. Hohenwang, John Zainer, and Conrad Dincmut appear under Ulm; under Augsburg, there are many impressions by Günther Zainer, Schüssler, and Sorg. Basel exhibits one Richel and four Wenslers; Nürnberg has Kefer, Sensenschmidt, and Koburger; Spire, Esslingen, Erchstet, and Lübeck are all represented by the first printer of each place, the instance of Spire being noteworthy as showing productions of a press anterior to Peter Drach's. In the Low Countries section, we find several interesting items. The *Quatre Dernières Choses*, printed at Bruges by Caxton (1474); John of Westphalia's first production at Louvain, and many other volumes by him and Veldener; a rare example, partly xylographic, of Ludovicus Ravescot; Gerard Leeu's *Septem Sapientes*, *Dialogus Creaturarum*, and *Gesta Romanorum*, printed at Gouda, and several of the books which he produced at Antwerp, including the first Dutch edition of the illustrated *Leven ons heeren Jhesu*. Under Brussels we find books printed by the Brothers of Common Life before 1480; under Zwolle, the noted *Bienboek* ("Liber Apum"), with its incidental testimony to the origin of the *Biblia Pauperum* black-book; under Antwerp, a few volumes printed by M. Van der Goes, the first typographer of that city; and, reverting to Louvain, the first edition of More's *Utopia*, by Thierry Martens. The sections of Italy, France, Spain, and England will follow in succession before long.

WE hear that a biography of Mr. Patrick Alexander, whose death was recorded in the ACADEMY of last week, is being prepared by one of his intimate friends, Mr. William Hodgson.



A BRIEF memoir of the late General J. T. Boileau, by Mr. C. R. Low, author of *Life of Lord Wolseley*, &c., will be published early next month, by Messrs. W. H. Allen & Co.

It is now announced that "George Temple," the author of *Lancelot Ward, M.P.*, *Britton*, and other stories, is Mr. Rampini, sheriff of Elgin and Nairn, who has written under his own name about the Orkney and Shetland Islands.

MESSRS. GEORGE BELL & SONS have in the press a translation of the second part of Dr. Julius Stinde's sketches of Berlin life, entitled *The Buchholz Family*, and also a companion volume on *The Buchholzes in Italy*.

THE same publishers also announce *Pearls and Pearling Life*, by Mr. Edwin Streeter; and *Benedictus*, a Tale of Jewish Life, by the author of *Estelle*.

MESSRS. SWAN SONNENSCHN & Co. will publish at once the following novels: *Told in a Trance*, by Kythe Clinton; *The Thorncliffes*, by Miss Urwick; *An Excellent Mystery*, by Mr. E. Davenport Jones; and *Is Love a Crime?* by Mrs. Jagger.

A ONE-VOLUME novel, entitled *A Lost Reputation*, is announced by Mr. Elliot Stock.

A SECOND edition of Mr. Hubert Hall's *Elizabethan Society*, the first edition of which was published the week before last, is now at press, and will be ready for issue on December 3.

*Good Words* announces a strong programme for next year. In addition to the serial stories by D. Christie Murray, W. E. Norris, and W. Westall, and the Bible studies by the late Charles Reade, already mentioned in the ACADEMY, Sir William Thomson is to write on "The Sun's Heat"; Archibald Geikie on "Earthquakes"; Sir John Lubbock on "Early Closing"; and Sir Charles Warren on "Lebanon"; while Mr. Underwood (Bret Harte's successor at Glasgow) will contribute "Personal Recollections of American Authors."

THE first number of a new illustrated monthly magazine, entitled *The Hour Glass*, will be published by Mr. A. G. Dawson, of Ivy Lane, on December 16. It will contain an article on "Sister Dora" by Mrs. Fawcett, besides contributions from G. Manville Fenn, Karl Blind, the Rev. H. R. Haweis, Arthur Arnold, Walter Crane, and others.

It is not generally known that William Jay, of Bath, left behind him several sermons, preached on great national occasions, which he refused to have published during his lifetime. The discourses delivered by him on Her Majesty's accession, coronation, and marriage, are to be published for the first time in the *Quiver* during the Queen's Jubilee year.

MR. BROWNING has expressed himself greatly pleased with Mr. Arthur Symonds's Introduction to his works just published by Cassell & Co.

AMONG the *seguidillas* quoted in the November number of *Macmillan's* from Rodriguez Marin's *Cantos populares Españoles* is one which seems to be simply the last verse of a Souletin Basque song that has strayed south. The song, "The Hermitage of St. Joseph," was translated into English by Miss Louisa Stuart Costello in 1844, and was known in La Soule over fifty years ago. We give Spanish, Basque, and English versions.

"Pensamiento que vuelas  
Mas que las aves,  
Llévale este suspiro  
A quien tu sabes;  
Y dile a mi amor  
Que tengo su retrato  
En mi corazón."

"Hasperena, habilus  
Maitearen borthala:  
Habil, eta erran izok  
Nik igorten baidala  
Bihotzian sar hazio  
Hura eni bezala."

"Sigh, go  
To the door of my beloved;  
Go, and tell her  
It is I who send you  
Enter into her heart  
As she (is) in mine."

Miss Costello renders the Basque thus:

"Go to my love, oh, gentle sigh,  
And near her chamber hover nigh.  
Glide to her heart, make that thy shrine  
As she is fondly kept in mine.  
Then may'st thou tell her it is I  
Who sent thee to her, gentle sigh."

Here, as in many Basque variants, the last couplets are transposed.

#### UNIVERSITY JOTTINGS.

THE general board of studies at Cambridge have approved for the degree of Doctor in Letters Mr. J. P. Postgate, professor of philology at University College, London.

THE council of the senate at Cambridge have recommended that the University of New Zealand should be adopted as an affiliated institution. In several respects, this is in the nature of a new departure, for hitherto the privileges of affiliation have been limited to colleges in England which cannot themselves confer degrees. Besides, it has always been stipulated previously that Cambridge should be represented on the governing body of the affiliated institution, with a view to exercising some control over the examinations—a stipulation waived in the present case. It is also announced that Oxford and Cambridge have in preparation a joint scheme for the affiliation of the Indian universities.

WHAT may almost be described as an official history of the Owens College will shortly be published by Mr. J. E. Cornish, of Manchester. It has been compiled by Mr. Joseph Thompson, and will be illustrated from seven drawings by Mr. Alfred Waterhouse (the architect of the college). Mr. W. Eyre Walker, and Mr. T. Raffles Davison.

WE may also mention that Mr. H. C. Maxwell Lyte's long-promised *History of the University of Oxford*, from the earliest times to the year 1530, will be issued by Messrs. Macmillan in the course of the present month; while Messrs. Longmans have nearly ready another *History of the University of Oxford*, by the Warden of Merton, in their series of "Epochs of Church History."

IN the preparation of their volume, *The New Amphion*, to be sold at the fancy fair, which is being held during the present week, in aid of the funds for the erection of a Union Club House, the Edinburgh students have been fortunate in securing the aid of many talented and well-known contributors. After a few quaint words of introduction by the editors, Mr. R. F. Bell and Mr. J. A. Clyde, in "a preface to the kindly reader describing the occasion of this book," we have a charming little "Spring Song" by Mr. Browning, as fresh and original in treatment as anything that he has written, though it deals with a sufficiently well-worn subject—the contrast between the brightness and gaiety of nature and the sorrow of a stricken human heart. Prof. Blackie contributes verse with a liberal hand; Sir Noel Paton has an impressive "Christmas Carol"; Mr. Anderson, "the Surfaceman," sends a stirring song of Yarrow; and from Mr. George Macdonald comes a pithy Scottish ballad. Among the prose papers is

Mr. Andrew Lang's quaint essay on "The Dog"—a humorous "counterblast" to the popular admiration of that much-loved quadruped; Mr. A. S. Murray discourses learnedly upon "A Greek Gem," which is excellently figured in an autotype reproduction; Mrs. Oliphant sends "An Anxious Moment," a highly wrought and dramatic novellette; Miss Dunlop, the author of a justly popular work on Old Edinburgh published at the time of the International Exhibition, contributes a tender and vivid sketch of Scottish student-life in the olden time; and, after much other pleasant matter, the book concludes with "Some College Memories" by Mr. Robert Louis Stevenson, marked by all the point and picturesqueness that are familiar to his readers, and—in that picture of the sleepless, overworked student watching the sunrise—by a touch of the curious weirdness that is so frequently characteristic of his writings. The volume is illustrated by Messrs. J. Pettie, R. Herdman, W. W. McKay, and other Scottish artists, and excellently printed in antique fashion by the Messrs. Constable. Red-lined, orange-edged, and bound in vellum delicately and richly tooled with gold, it forms an especially dainty little morsel for the lovers of choice books.

#### A TRANSLATION.

VILLON'S BALLAD OF DEAD LADIES.

TELL me where or in what land  
Is Flora, the fair dame of Rome,  
And Thais, and her kinswoman—  
Where is Archipiada's home?  
And Echo, answering every sound  
Rising where waters stand or flow,  
Of beauty more than mortal-kind—  
Nay, where is last year's snow?  
Where is the most-wise Heloise,  
For whom was maidened, and consecrate,  
Monk Abelard at St. Denys,  
His love laid on him such a fate—  
And where moreover is the Queen  
Who ordered Buridan to go  
Cast in a sack to swim the Seine—  
Nay, where is last year's snow?  
Where is the lady lily-pale  
Who chaunted in the Siren's strain,  
Bertha Greatfoot and Beatrix,  
Alys and Ermenburg of Maine,  
And Joan, the good maid of Lorraine,  
In Rouen burned by the English foe?  
Where are they all, oh Maiden Queen?  
Nay, where is last year's snow?  
Prince, the week wherein they are  
And the year seek not to know,  
Let this rhyme be all you gain,  
"Nay, where is last year's snow?"

E.

#### MAGAZINES AND REVIEWS.

A LONG and amusing paper on "A Hunt for the Original edition of *Ruy Blas*" (part of the charm of romantic bibliography consisting, as its devotees know, in the fact that, like the owl, you "never can find out" what really is an original edition in a good many cases owing to the trick of inserting fresh title-pages, &c.) forms the principal article in the November *Livre*. Also, there is a dialogue in a convent Scriptorium by M. Victor Fournel. The illustration is a good portrait of Champfleury, representing that agreeable writer pursuing his vocation in a rather luxurious study. It is worth taking out for Graingerite purposes.

THE *Theologisch Tijdschrift* for November contains thorough articles on Ignatius and on the Apocalypse. Dr. Völter's hypothesis (already set forth at length in the *Tijdschrift*), recognising the genuineness of six of the Ignatian epistles, but not that of the epistle to the Romans, meets with an able opponent in Dr. van Loon, while Dr. Völter himself com-

bats Dr. Weizsäcker's views on the composite nature of the Johannine Apocalypse. What will these two rival scholars (who are agreed, it is true, on the main point) say to the cutting of the Gordian knot ventured upon by Herr Vischer, with the weighty approval of Dr. Harnack? The reviews and notices of books are, as usual, excellent. Dr. Oort discusses the text of some corrupt, or at least, obscure passages in Isaiah. We see with pleasure a German translation announced of De Génestet's poems, including the epigrams which fell with so much effect to the right and the left of theological disputants in Holland.

### SELECTED FOREIGN BOOKS.

#### GENERAL LITERATURE.

- ADAMY, R. *Architektonik auf historischer u. aesthetischer Grundlage*. 2. Bd. 2. Abth. *Architektonik d. muhamedan. u. roman. Stils*. 2. Hälfte. Hannover: Helwing. 7 M.
- DAUDERT, A. *La Belle Nivernaise: Histoire d'un vieux bateau et de son équipage*. Paris: Marpon. 10 fr.
- DOCKET, C. *Concours littéraires: rapports annuels, 1875-1885*. Paris: Calmann Lévy. 3 fr. 50 c.
- FAULMANN, K. *Die Initiale. Ein Beitrag zur Geschichte der Bücher-Ornamentik*. Wien: Graeser. 3 M.
- LAFFRENIERE, G. *Titian: sa vie et son œuvre*. Paris: Quantin. 100 fr.
- MOHR, L. *Die Jubelfeste der Buchdruckerkunst u. ihre Literatur*. Wien: Graeser. 2 M.
- NEVE, F. *L'Arménie chrétienne et sa littérature*. Paris: Leroux. 8 fr.
- ROUNAT, Ch. de la. *Souvenirs et poésies diverses. Préface par F. Sarcey*. Paris: Marpon. 3 fr. 50 c.
- SOBOLEW, L. N. *Der erste Fürst von Bulgarien. Aufzeichnungen d. russ. Generals u. vormal. bulgar. Ministerpräsidenten L. N. S.* Leipzig: Duncker & Humblot. 2 M. 40 Pf.
- WOLFF, E. *Karl Gotthelf Lessing*. Berlin: Weidmann. 1 M. 60 Pf.

#### HISTORY.

- BRUECKNER, A. *Bilder aus Russlands Vergangenheit*. 1. Bd. *Beiträge zur Kulturgeschichte Russlands im 17. Jahrh.* Leipzig: Elischer. 3 M.
- BURDIGNER, M. *Acten zu Columbus' Geschichte von 1478 bis 1492*. Wien: Gerold's Sohn. 80 Pf.
- GULDENCRONE, la Baronne D. de. *L'Achaie féodale: étude sur le moyen âge en Grèce (1205-1456)*. Paris: Leroux. 10 fr.
- LEWICKI, A. *Ein Blick in die Politik König Sigmunds gegen Polen in Bezug auf die Hussitenkriege*. Wien: Gerold's Sohn. 1 M. 20 Pf.
- MANITIUS, M. *Zu Alldhelm u. Baeda*. Wien: Gerold's Sohn. 1 M. 60 Pf.
- MAYER, F. M. *Ueb. die Correspondenzbücher d. Bischofs Sixtus. Freising 1474-1495*. Wien: Gerold's Sohn. 1 M. 40 Pf.
- RAVILLOUT, E. *Les obligations en droit égyptien comparé aux autres droits de l'antiquité*. Paris: Leroux. 10 fr.
- SALLES, F. *Annales de l'Ordre Teutonique ou de Sainte-Marie-de-Jérusalem depuis son origine jusqu'à nos jours*. Wien: Braumüller. 12 M.

#### PHYSICAL SCIENCE AND PHILOSOPHY.

- BRENDT, G. *Der Föhn. Ein Beitrag zur orograph. Meteorologie u. comparativen Klimatologie*. Göttingen: Vandenhoeck. 16 M.
- HERTWIG, O. *Lehrbuch der Entwicklungsgeschichte d. Menschen u. der Wirbelthiere*. 1. Abth. Jena: Fischer. 4 M. 50 Pf.
- KAISER, H. *Einführung in die neuere analytische u. synthetische Geometrie*. Wiesbaden: Bergmann. 6 M. 70 Pf.
- STOEHR, Ph. *Lehrbuch der Histologie u. der mikroskopischen Anatomie d. Menschen m. Einschluss der mikroskopischen Technik*. Jena: Fischer. 7 M.
- VERHOEFT, H. *Abhandlungen üb. den multilokulären Echinococcus*. Freiburg-i. B.: Mohr. 5 M. 60 Pf.

#### PHILOLOGY, ETC.

- BRINCKER, H. *Wörterbuch u. kurzgefasste Grammatik d. Otji-herero m. Befügung verwandter Ausdrücke u. Formen d. Othindonga-a-Oj-ambo*. Leipzig: Weigel. 25 M.
- CORPUS inscriptionum latinarum. Vol. VI. pars 3. *Inscriptiones urbis Romae latinae*. Collegerunt G. Henzen et J. B. de Rossi. Edid. E. Bormann, G. Henzen et Ch. Huelsen. Pars 3. Berlin: Reimer. 68 M.
- CURTIS, G. *Kleine Schriften*. 2. Thl. *Ausgewählte Abhandlungen wissenschaftlichen Inhalts*. Hrgs. v. E. Windisch. Leipzig: Hirzel. 4 M.
- IBN J'AI'S *Commentar zu Zamachshari's Mufassal*. Hrgs. v. G. Jahn. 2. Bd. 4. Hft. Leipzig: Brockhaus. 9 M.
- LANG, L. *Kleine Schriften aus dem Gebiete der klassischen Alterthumswissenschaft*. 1. Bd. Göttingen: Vandenhoeck. 10 M.
- LEDRAIN, E. *Dictionnaire des noms propres palmyréens*. Paris: Leroux. 10 fr.
- NEUBAUER, J. *Altdeutsche Idiotismen der Egerländer Mundart*. Wien: Graeser. 3 M.

- OEHMICHEN, G. *Griechischer Theaterbau. Nach Vitruv u. den Ueberresten*. Berlin: Weidmann. 4 M.
- OTTMANN, R. E. *Grammatische Darstellung der Sprache d. althochdeutschen Glossars Rb.* Berlin: Weidmann. 2 M. 40 Pf.
- PRAETORIUS, F. *Grammatica aethiopica cum paradigmabus, litteratura, chrestomathia et glossario*. Karlsruhe: Reuther. 6 M.

### CORRESPONDENCE.

#### "LIFE OF SHELLEY"—A CORRECTION.

Dublin: Nov. 29, 1886.

I am anxious to correct a bad slip in my *Life of Shelley*, vol. ii., p. 59. I there speak of *Alastor* as having been almost two years published in December 1816. The date of publication correctly given, vol. i., p. 536, and referred to vol. ii., p. 74, shows that I was guilty of a strange lapse of memory.

EDWARD DOWDEN.

#### THE HERE PROPHECY.

King's College, London: Nov. 20, 1886.

There is extant so little English of the latter half of the twelfth century that the Here Prophecy, as it undoubtedly belongs to that period, deserves, as a specimen of our language, special attention, more attention certainly than it could claim as a piece of literature. It is, indeed, quoted by the writer known as "Benedictus Abbas" (Benedictus was the transcriber or director of the transcription, the real author being, perhaps, Richard Fitzneal as Dr. Stubbs suggests), and after him by Hoveden, as something ancient—"antiquitus scriptum." But what I wish now particularly to point out is, that it, in fact, must belong, as its predictions show, to the very time at which it was said to be discovered ("inveniebatur"); that is to the end of the year 1190, or rather to the beginning of 1191. Thus, as "Benedictus Abbas" was certainly contemporary with King Richard I., we have, in the Here Prophecy, a genuine specimen of English just at that time—unless, indeed, the "inventor" archaïcised his style, which I do not think very likely, several things considered. And so, as it is so very seldom possible to date precisely, to assign to any exact year, any piece of medieval English, this "vaticinium" has, for us, a singular value.

To refresh the reader's memory, I will first quote it as it appears in Dr. Stubbs's edition of Benedictus Abbas:

Zan zu'seches in here hert yreret,  
Zan sulen Hengles in pre be ydelet;  
Zat han sale into Hyrlande alto lade waya;  
Zat hozer in to Poile mid pride bileve;  
Ze thirde in hayre haughen hert all . . . ydreghe.

In the last line Hoveden, who, in his history, follows Benedictus very closely, gives "wreken" before "ydreghe." The meaning seems to be:

When thou seest in Here a hart set up,  
Then shall the English be divided into three:  
The one shall go entirely into Ireland;  
The second in Apulia shall proudly stay;  
The third shall suffer all manner of misery in their own land.

Here is here a place-name, as we shall see; but it is also an Anglo-Saxon common noun, meaning "a host, a multitude." And there seems to be in these lines a play—a pun—on the two meanings of the word, the secondary sense being, "When thou seest a hart in the midst of men," which would be a startling phenomenon, suggestive to a person of a prophetic or an omen-mongering turn; as if one should say, "When you see a hind at Mob-berley" (there is such a place in Cheshire), or a Latin writer should speak of seeing one at *Popu-lonia*.

The above version, it will be seen, differs somewhat from that offered by Prof. Skeat in the *ACADEMY* of September 18. With all respect and courtesy, I will explain why I ven-

ture to disagree with so old a friend and distinguished a scholar.

Prof. Skeat refuses to believe there was a place called Here, and takes here to be a pronoun (Anglo-Saxon *heora*, answering to our modern "their"). He would alter the participle at the end of the first line into *y-ueret*. (In the version he gives, as from Ritson, the reading is *y-neret*; whereas in the original it is *y-reret*; and so it is in Ritson also, according to Craik.) He translates, "When thou seest the English terrified in their heart," &c.

Now, this translation destroys altogether the point of the so-called prophecy, and entirely ignores the Latin chronicler's words. Benedictus speaks of a "villa regis Angliae quae dicitur Here," which King Henry (no doubt Henry II.) had given to Ranulf (Hove'en says William), the son of Stephen—that is, to Ralph Fitzstephen—and informs us that this Ralph built there a great house, "in cujus pinnaculo effigiem cervi statuit."

There is really no reason why this story should not be accepted. I say the first line loses its point without it. It becomes wholly irrelevant and common-place. Had Prof. Skeat consulted the context? Then to substitute the form *y-ueret* for the quite satisfactory word that occurs in the original is surely an unnecessary interference with the text. Moreover, I cannot but doubt whether such a Southern form as *y-ueret* would be likely to be found in what is surely not Southern English—in a version current at Peterborough, and, I suppose, in South Yorkshire. The forms *sal*, *sees*, *sulen*, point northwards; and as the prefixes in *yneret*, *ydelet*, and *ydrighe* are consistent with a twelfth-century Midland origin, the dialect is North-east Midland. So would not the Southern *y-ueret* be out of place here? It would be a difficulty if we found it in such a context. And certainly difficulties do not need "be-speaking." There are enough ready-made.

As to identifying the town—the "villa"—of Here, we need not yet despair, if, indeed, the matter is worth much trouble. Dr. Stubbs points out that some Fitzstephens were connected with *Harford*, in Devonshire, a town some ten miles west of Totnes, on the southern edge of Dartmoor. And, in this case, the original form of this prophecy would be Southern, which might make for Prof. Skeat's conjectured reading. The particular family may, I think, be identified by the fact that Benedictus names a Ralph and Hoveden a William. Now Ralph Fitzstephen, a person of some distinction in Henry II.'s reign—he acted as a justice itinerant in 1174—had a brother William, also a person of some distinction, a justice itinerant in 1190. These Fitzstephens, according to Foss's *Judges of England*, were specially connected with Gloucestershire, one or the other being sheriff of that county for many years (from 18 Henry II. to 1 Richard I.). Ralph possessed property also in the counties of Warwick, Leicester, and Northampton. If a mediaeval Here could be discovered in Northamptonshire or thereabouts this would exactly meet the case. It would neatly agree with the prophecy being preserved in a Peterborough document. Had any Fitzstephen ever any property at Market Harborough or at *Hargrave*? Perhaps some Northants antiquary will kindly enlighten us. Foss does not connect either of these brothers with Devonshire.

In l. 4 the rendering of Benedictus's version seems to be "al to lead way," "al to" being used as an adverb in the sense of "altogether, entirely," just as in the *Owl and Nightingale*, ll. 837-8:

"Abid, abid, þe ule seide;  
þu gest al to mid Swikelhede,"

and elsewhere, Hoveden gives "al to late



waie," i.e., "all too late turn," if, as Prof. Skeat plausibly suggests, *waie* is bad spelling for *waive* or *wave*.

In the last line Hoveden's version has *herd*, which Prof. Skeat happily identifies with *erd*, Anglo-Saxon *earð*, "native land." And probably *herd* is a variant of the same word—does not equal "heart."

As I have said, the predictions uttered in these curious lines connect them straightaway with the years 1190-1. The allusion to Apulia is too precise to permit us assigning them to an earlier year, in spite of Benedictus's "antiquitus scriptum." Prophecy seems to have been much in vogue in the latter half of the twelfth century—*πολλὰ λόγια ἐλέγγο*, as Thucydides says of the beginning of the Peloponnesian War—as it is still with some newspapers of our own day, who predict the result of a policy as positively as if they were edited by the Pythian priestess herself. The utterer of certain views gave them a special emphasis and solemnity by passing them off for prophecies. Certainly prophecies abounded. Giraldus Cambrensis wrote a Vaticinal History of the conquest of Ireland. Merlin's prophecies were then in full currency, and in Ireland those of Columba; and so some Northamptonshire wiseacre, as we may plausibly suppose, wishing to express his ideas of English prospects at that time, produced them in the shape of an oracle inscribed "in tabulis lapideis"—an inscription just as genuine, no doubt, as that on the tombstone of King Arthur, then recently "discovered" at Glastonbury—as genuine as the famous prophecy that was "found in a bog," "Ireland shall be rul'd by an ass and a dog."

He might well think England was in a poor way at that time. But this prophet's prophecies are grotesque enough. Two-thirds of the English, it seems, were to find homes elsewhere, and those that remained were to be utterly miserable. This was typified by the exaltation of the hart in a town's midst. The nation was to lose its spirit; the *κράβη ἐλάφου* was to possess its bosom. One part might prosper, but it would be far away. Another would pass into Ireland; of their fate our seer judiciously hints nothing. The other would "dree their weird," and a most wretched weird, in their own land.

What suggested the Apulian reference was undoubtedly Richard's successes just at this time in South Italy and Sicily. On his way to Palestine he wintered in those parts. He was there from September 23, 1190, to April 10, 1191. No doubt the prophet had heard of his seizing La Bagnara, a castle in Calabria; of his occupying a monastery on the straits of Messina; of his building close by Messina ("extra muros Messinæ") his stout fortress of Mategriffo; of the splendid style in which he kept Christmas in that castle, and how generally the Griffons well suppressed, "gens Angliæ in maxima habebatur reverentia in regno Siciliæ"; and, hearing of these things, he rashly concluded—such is the manner of prophets—that the king would never come back, but would establish himself permanently in his new quarters, and leave his England to look after itself. The date of this allusion must certainly be some early month in 1191.

The reference to Ireland is curious. Just twenty years before our veracious oracle spoke, a full beginning had been made of our unfortunate relations with that country. In November 1171—some seven centuries ago!—Henry II. had been acknowledged king at Cashel. But the conquest was far from complete. In 1177 Prince John was declared lord of Ireland, and the whole country was allotted to various nobles and knights, who undertook

to complete it. In 1185, that worthless person—he, says an old poet,

"Quo pejor in orbe  
Non fuit, omni moda vacuus virtute Johannes"—

himself visited the country, only to irritate the native chiefs by his insolence, plucking their beards—a deadly insult—when they offered him the kiss of peace. He was soon recalled. The thorough conquest of Ireland was never to be accomplished, but it was still talked of and planned. Perhaps our prophet thought that he who retained the title of Lord of Ireland would justify his title by a second visit that should be really effective. At all events the general feeling of the age, which the Here prophecy represents, is well brought before us by what Giraldus says in his "last preface" to his Conquest of Ireland—the preface in which he dedicates the new edition of his work to his old pupil, who was by that time king:

"It has pleased God and your good fortune [thus he addresses King John] to send you several sons, both natural and legitimate, and you may have more hereafter. Two of these you may raise to the thrones of two kingdoms, and under them you amply provide for numbers of your followers by new grants of lands, especially in Ireland, a country which is still in a wild and unsettled state, a very small part of it being yet occupied and inhabited by our people."

As in the Elizabethan age, so then, the English looked upon Ireland as a country not only to be annexed, but to be taken possession of as a land whose native inhabitants were not more to be considered than the natives of Australia or Tasmania have been considered in later times. So a third part of the English people was to occupy and inhabit Ireland.

As to the last part of the prophecy—a prophet was scarcely needed to tell England its outlook was not good in the year 1191. Its knight-errant of a king, after raising money by all and every means, had gone a crusading, not to return, as the event proved, for nearly four years. His intriguing brother John had been forbidden the country; but it was not to be hoped he would heed the prohibition longer than he could help; nor did he. And men's hearts might well sink within them. And those who looked facts in the face might confidently promise the land "all manner of misery."

The date of the Here prophecy then is the year 1191, near the beginning of it.

JOHN W. HALES.

#### BURTON'S "MONASTICON EBORACENSE."

Settrington Rectory, York: Nov. 30, 1886.

I should be glad to be allowed to draw attention to a proposal, made in the last number of *Notes and Queries*, that steps should be taken for the publication of the second volume of this valuable work, the MS. of which lies in the muniment-room at Burton-Constable.

ISAAC TAYLOR.

#### "THE SILENCE OF DEAN MAITLAND."

The "coincidence" pointed out by your correspondent, the author of *Judith Wynne*, is very far from the only one that this curious story by "Maxwell Grey" discloses. The episode in which the Dean breaks his silence is that of the confession of Arthur Dimmesdale in the *Scarlet Letter*. The scene in the cathedral where the Dean recognises his friend, and stops in his discourse, is that of Gerard seeing Margaret, in the *Cloister and the Hearth*. The business of the interchange is partly that by which the pedlar is mistaken for Griffith in *Griffith Gaunt*.

CRITIC.

#### APPOINTMENTS FOR NEXT WEEK.

MONDAY, Dec. 6, 5 p.m. Royal Institution: General Monthly Meeting.

5 p.m. London Institution: "Abraham Lincoln," by Mr. Bram Stoker.

8 p.m. Aristotelian: "Neo-Kantism in Relation to Science," by Mr. G. J. Romanes.

8 p.m. Victoria Institute: "Worship and Traditions of the Aborigines of North America," by Mr. S. D. Peet.

8 p.m. Society of Arts: Cantor Lecture, "The Principle and Practice of Ornamental Design," II, by Mr. L. F. Day.

TUESDAY, Dec. 7, 8 p.m. Biblical Archaeology: "When did Babylonian Astrology enter China?" by the Rev. Dr. J. Edkins; "Old Jewish Legends on Biblical Topics," I., The Death of Moses, by the Rev. A. Lowy.

8 p.m. Colonial Institute: "The Trade of India and its Further Development," by Dr. G. Watt.

8 p.m. Civil Engineers: "The Electric Light-houses of Macquarie and of Tino," by Dr. John Hopkinson.

8.30 p.m. Zoological: "The Development and Structure of the Ovum in the Dipnoi," by Mr. Frank E. Beddard; "The Anatomy and Systematic Position of the Liassic Selachian, *Squaloraja polyspondylia*," by Mr. A. Smith-Woodward; "Atavism: a Critical and Analytical Study," by Mr. J. Bland Sutton.

WEDNESDAY, Dec. 8, 8 p.m. Society of Arts: "Glow-Lamps, their Use and Manufacture," by Gen. C. E. Webber.

Egypt Exploration Fund: Annual Meeting. THURSDAY, Dec. 9, 2.30 p.m. British Museum: "The Languages of the Cuneiform Inscriptions," VI., by Mr. G. Bertain.

6 p.m. London Institution: "The Elements of Biology," III., by Prof. E. Ray Lankester.

8 p.m. Mathematical: "Circular Notes," by Mr. R. Tucker; "The Linear Partial Differential Equations satisfied by Pure Ternary Reciprocants," by Mr. E. B. Elliott.

8 p.m. Telegraph Engineers: Annual General Meeting.

8 p.m. Athenæum Society. 8.30 p.m. Antiquaries: "A Palæolithic Workshop Floor found near Ealing," by Mr. J. Allen Browne; "Report on Recent Discoveries in Cumberland," by Mr. R. S. Ferguson.

FRIDAY, Dec. 10, 8 p.m. New Shakespeare: "Shakespeare's Knowledge and Use of Holy Scripture," by Mr. Stanley Cooper.

#### SCIENCE.

*Catalogus Codicum Græcorum Sinaiticorum.* Scripsit V. Gardthausen, Lipsiensis. (Oxonii: e Typographeo Clarendoniano.)

SINCE Tischendorf's discovery of the *Codex Sinaiticus*, a good deal has been done in the way of exploring the libraries of Eastern monasteries. In the volume before us Prof. Gardthausen has given a descriptive catalogue of the MSS. at Mount Sinai, with an account of some of the more important MSS. at Alexandria and Patmos, the result of his visit to these libraries in the winter of 1880-81. Its appearance has been awaited with some impatience; but the Clarendon Press, which undertook the publishing of the book, has at last presented us with it in a style of printing and binding so thoroughly satisfactory as almost to justify delay. We have first the Sinai Catalogue in 256 pages; then eight pages of the Alexandria and Patmos MSS.; then no less than five indices—the first of miscellaneous matters, the second of scribes' names, the third of datings, the fourth of places where the MSS. were written, the fifth of the names of the owners; last come three tables of facsimile specimens, and three more of watermarks.

Prof. Gardthausen is well known in England as the author of the standard book on Greek Palæography (a book which ought to have been translated into English by this time), and every lover of MSS. will welcome this new contribution from his pen. One important result of his study of the Sinai MSS. has been already given to the world in an article in the *Mémoires Graux* (Paris, 1884), where he has proved the impossibility of determining from the writing of a Greek minuscule MS.

the country where it was written. At Sinai Prof. Gardthausen found MSS. brought by pilgrims from all parts of the religious world, and presented to the library of the monastery, but in no case could he detect any peculiarities in penmanship common to the MSS. of one country that would serve to distinguish them from MSS. written elsewhere. A Latin MS. written in France can be distinguished at a glance from one written in Spain; but the form of Greek letters seems to have been the same at Byzantium as in Crete, at Alexandria as in Calabria. Whether the ornamentation of Greek MSS. may be used as a test of locality remains to be seen.

But, apart from the question of locality, the catalogue gives us important clues for dating Greek MSS. Varnished titles are noted in MSS. of the tenth and twelfth centuries (see the *Index Rerum* under *gummi laccae*). In No. 973 we have the oldest dated bombycine (i.e., cotton paper) MS., a *Eucho-logium* of A.D. 1153. Another bombycine MS., a *Horologium* (No. 904), bears the date A.D. 1211; while the oldest known bombycine fragment is supplied by four leaves in an *Asceticum* (No. 468), which, though undated, are written in uncials that assign them to the tenth or eleventh century. Our knowledge of water-marks (see the *Index Rerum* under *signa chartae*, and tables 4-6)—a most useful means of dating paper MSS.—is also increased by this catalogue, in every page of which, indeed, the student of palaeography will find something to interest him. Here we can only mention No. 59, a Psalter of the eleventh century, written in uncials of an old form, but under the line; No. 257, a fourteenth-century *Evangelium*, with a false dating, A.D. 1102; No. 417, a tenth-century MS. of Joannes Climacus, apparently without rulings (cf. No. 958); No. 591, a parchment roll of the ninth century in cursive; No. 669, a fourteenth-century MS., with the date of its binding and the binder's name; No. 1196, a cotton-paper MS., with leaves enlarged by linen-paper borders.

The catalogue will also be of interest to Biblical critics; for a good many Old and New Testament MSS. (Nos. 1-300, *Pa.* 76, 171, 275) are to be found in it—e.g., a tenth or eleventh century Gospels, with a note on the doubtfulness of the episode of the woman taken in adultery. But there has been no great find like the *Codex Sinaiticus*, or even like the Athos MS. of Babrius. There are some unedited works of old Greek theological writers (Nos. 314, 401, 450), a *Florilegium Dictorum Sapientium* of Greek authors (No. 327, of which the Leipzig MS., edited by Westermann, seems to be a copy), and one leaf with similar *Sententiae* in a tenth or eleventh century MS. (No. 383), an *Apollonius Rhodius* of the fifteenth century, written in Crete (No. 1194), two MSS. of Euripides of the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries (Nos. 1196, 1195), Greek Lexica of the thirteenth to the sixteenth century (Nos. 1201-6) with a fragment of the "Frogs" of Aristophanes (fifteenth century) at the end of one of them (No. 1,206). There are several palimpsests (see the *Index Rerum* under *membranae rescriptae*), but none of importance; and there are not a few MSS. of artistic interest from the elegance of their binding or writing, such as the "Cassian

Psalter" (No. 108), and the "Gospels of Theodosius" (No. 204) (see also Nos. 251, 339).

But, on the whole, those who hoped to hear of great discoveries in the Sinai libraries will be disappointed by the result of Dr. Gardthausen's exploration, and will be inclined, in view of the wonderful stories about the Fayûm papyri, to look rather to Egypt than to the eastern monasteries for the unearthing of the literary treasures of old. May we take this opportunity of hinting that an exploration of libraries nearer home—of our own British private libraries—might have as valuable results as the recent examination of the public and private libraries of France? English collectors have a reputation all over the Continent for securing the cream of the sale when MSS. are in the market; but these treasures, once secured, are buried in private libraries, where scholars do not hear of them, or cannot get access to them. It seems a pity that so valuable a collection as the Phillips library, for example, can only be examined by those who can afford to pay a pound a day for the privilege. Could not Prof. Bryce introduce an "Access to Libraries" Bill to throw open these literary pastures?

WALLACE M. LINDSAY.

#### CORRESPONDENCE.

##### "THE GUIDE OF THE PERPLEXED OF MAIMONIDES."

Corpus Christi College, Cambridge: Nov. 27, 1886.

HAD Dr. Friedländer omitted the words "translated from the original text" from the title of his *Guide of the Perplexed*, I think his work would have been more deserving of the praise which Mr. Margoliouth gives to it in the *ACADEMY* of November 20, when he says that it "is from every point of view a successful production." I presume the text Dr. Friedländer refers to as having translated (or as Mr. Margoliouth says collated) is that of Munk; but he leaves this to be inferred, nor does he follow the example of Stern in expressing his indebtedness to the translation of the French editor. It would be interesting to know from what source Dr. Friedländer has derived his information as to the reading of the Arabic MSS.; if directly, it is to be regretted that he has not said why it is that he differs from Munk in his references to them, e.g., in vol. i., p. 207 (note) he has "we have some MSS." where Munk has "plusieurs manuscrits" and in vol. i., p. 217 (note) he has "in some of the MSS. of the original text" where Munk has "l'un des manuscrits de Leyde porte." I do not think there is any evidence in the translation which Mr. Margoliouth quotes from the beginning of the introduction of part ii. to prove that Dr. Friedländer attempted any emendation of the text. Both Stern and Ibn Tibbon give in purport the same translation; and indeed, Dr. Friedländer himself refers to p. 9 as his ground for considering the one given by Alharizi to be incorrect. Dr. Friedländer sometimes shows a greater tendency to copy Ibn Tibbon than to quote him, e.g., in vol. iii., p. 146, he gives for *הַיְיִשִּׁי*, which is the reading of all the Arabic MSS. (and which Alharizi and Munk rightly translate "Jupiter"), the rendering "Mars," following Ibn Tibbon, although without any reference to him. There is, however, much in the book that is well deserving of the praise it has received. G. W. COLLINS.

#### SCIENCE NOTES.

MR. RÜCKER has been appointed by the Lord President of the Council to the Professorship of Physics in the Normal School of Science and Royal School of Mines rendered vacant by the death of Prof. Guthrie.

A NEW treatise on Optics, by Mr. R. S. Heath, professor of mathematics in the Mason Science College, Birmingham, will be published shortly by the Cambridge Press.

IN the last number of Tschermak's *Mineralogische Mittheilungen* Dr. C. W. C. Fuchs publishes his twenty-first annual report on volcanic phenomena. The number of earthquakes recorded during the year 1885 was 230, of which forty occurred in January, thirty in February, twenty-seven in March, twenty-three in April, eleven in May, eighteen in June, ten in July, twelve in August, fifteen in September, fourteen in October, ten in November, and twenty in December. It appears that the volcanic eruptions during 1885 were few and insignificant. Vesuvius remained in its usual Stromboli-like condition, except in May, when a feeble eruption occurred. Etna was also generally quiet; but in March the instruments at the observatory indicated subterranean disturbances, and in August ashes were ejected.

#### PHILOLOGY NOTES.

MESSRS. SWAN SONNENSCHNEIN & Co. will shortly publish a work on the *Principles of the History of Language*, by Prof. Herbert A. Strong and Dr. Kuno Meyer, of the Liverpool University. The book is based upon Prof. Hermann Paul's *Prinzipien der Sprachgeschichte*, but is fully illustrated by the use of English analogies.

THE first part of the *Cyropaedia* of Xenophon, edited by Dr. Holden, containing the first two books, is nearly ready for publication at the Cambridge Press.

PROF. MASPERO is delivering two courses of lectures in Egyptology this winter at the Ecole Pratique des Hautes Etudes: (1) on the interpretation of hieratic texts of the early empire, with special reference to the Berlin papyrus 3, containing a dialogue between an Egyptian and his soul; and (2) on the representations of armour and fighting in the monuments. M. Guieysse is also lecturing on Egyptian grammar.

No. 1 of *Euskara*, the organ of the Baskischen Gesellschaft, established at Berlin and Weimar by Karl Hannemann and Th. Linschmann, contains an interesting article in French, by W. van Eys, on the dialect of Bernard Dechepare, the earliest Basque poet (1545); "Die Bedeutung der Baskisch-Iberischen Forschung," by Th. Linschmann institutes a comparison of the numbers in Basque with the Ural-Altaic, Accadian, and Georgian, and tends to connect the Western and Eastern Iberian languages. Karl Hannemann boldly breaks "Eine Lanze zu Gunsten des Baskischen als Universal Sprache." The publication, which is to be continued at intervals, may be obtained from Th. Linschmann in Lehnstadt bei Weimar.

VICOMTE HERSART DE LA VILLEMARQUÉ writes to Mr. Whitley Stokes:

"Voici un verbe que M. le Dr. Plique, de Clermont, a trouvé sur un vase gaulois: après le nom du potier on lit *AVOT* répondant à *sevit* écrit ailleurs. Cette découverte n'est-elle pas intéressante?"

The verb was first noticed by M. Héron de Villefosse, who found it following potters' names, such as *Sacrillos*, *Rectugenos*, &c. As the loss of initial *p* is regular, it may be cognate with *πορεύ*, *πορεύ* (from *πορεύ*, *πορεύ*?), and mean *évoier*.



## MEETINGS OF SOCIETIES.

CAMBRIDGE ANTIQUARIAN SOCIETY.—(Monday, November 8.)

THE REV. G. F. Browne, President, in the chair.—The president exhibited and described reproductions, printed on white and coloured silks from blocks made this year, of the urn or island with fish, ducks, &c., and of the knight with hawk and hound, &c., from the later vestments of St. Cuthbert's body, made about A.D. 1100, and buried with the body in Durham Cathedral. Mr. Raine, of Durham, published in 1828 an account of the opening of St. Cuthbert's tomb in 1827, with drawings of the ornaments on the remains of vestments found on the body. Mr. Browne discovered that Mr. T. Wardle, of Leek, had reproduced a pattern he had found at Dantzic, consisting of a boat rowed by an eagle, a dog breaking its chain, and three swans, on a vestment brought in early times from Sicily, and he suggested to Mr. Wardle that he should reproduce the St. Cuthbert ornaments. Mr. Wardle at once consented, and had the beautiful blocks made from which the silks exhibited were printed. One of the blocks is in flat copper wire, set on edge, the other is in wood on account of the numerous and rapid breakings-back of the lines, which render the pattern not suited for reproduction by means of wire. In the year 1104 Reginald, a monk of Durham, mentioning three robes in which the body of St. Cuthbert was clothed, says that they were taken off, and describes the three robes by which they were replaced in his time. These last, he says, were of a similar nature to those which were taken off, but of greater elegance. The occasion of the re-clothing was the translation of St. Cuthbert's body to the tomb prepared for it in the magnificent new cathedral of Durham. From 999 to 1093, it had lain in the Anglian cathedral of Durham; and from 1093 to 1104 it lay in the temporary tomb prepared for it when they began to pull down the Anglian cathedral to make way for the present Norman church. Reginald says that the robe put nearest the body in 1104 was "of silk, thin, and of most delicate texture"; the next he describes as "costly, of incomparable purple cloth"; the third, or outermost, was "of the finest linen." When the tomb was opened in 1827, they found first the linen robe, and then portions of the two silk robes. One of these robes was found to be of thinnish silk; the ground-colour amber; the ornamental parts literally covered with leaf-gold; the fringe was a braid of the same colour stitched on with a needle. This is the robe from which the knight with hawk and hound, the rabbits, &c., &c., are copied. Another was a robe of thick, soft silk; the colours had been brilliant beyond measure. It is the urn, or island, pattern. The ground within the circle is red; the urn, or flower-basket, the ducks, and the sea are red, yellow, and purple; the porpoises are yellow and red; the fruit and foliage yellow, with red stalks; the pattern round the border of the robe is red. These two correspond to the description by Reginald of the two robes placed next the body. The translation of the body having been contemplated for so many years, there was plenty of time for having special robes made. It is very tempting to believe that the urn represents the Farne Island, blossoming with Christian virtues and bearing abundance of Christian fruit; the fish and the water-birds, St. Cuthbert's porpoises and eider ducks; the knight with hawk and hound, the great secular position of the Bishop of Durham; and so on. The robes, however, are said to be of Eastern origin. If they were not made with special reference to St. Cuthbert, it may fairly be said that they were selected on account of their undesigned reference to him. It is well known that earlier robes than these were found on St. Cuthbert's body in 1827, notably a stole, beautifully wrought and ornamented, bearing a Latin statement that Ælfred caused it to be made for the pious Bishop Frithestan. This dates the stole to A.D. 905-915. The whole of these precious relics are in the possession of the Dean and Chapter of Durham.—Prof. J. H. Middleton made the following remarks with reference to the silks exhibited by the president. At the time when the Normans conquered Northern Sicily, towards the end of the eleventh century, a very

flourishing school of Arab silk weavers had been established there for more than a century. The Norman Kings, who highly appreciated the beauty of these silken stuffs, granted special privileges to the Arab weavers, so that they continued to work their silk looms under the rule of the Christian conquerors. Thus, from the eleventh to the fourteenth century, Palermo continued to be the chief centre for the production of woven silk. During the greater part of that time silk weaving was not practised in any northern country, and to a very unimportant extent in Italy itself. Thus, we find that the products of these Sicilian looms were exported widely throughout Europe, especially for ecclesiastical vestments, frontals, and dossals. The Sacristy of St. Mary's Church, at Dantzic, possesses a very large collection of these beautiful stuffs, mostly in the form of copes and chasubles; the Sacristies of St. Peter's and the Vatican Chapels, with many other Cathedral and Monastic collections in Italy, France, and Germany, are very rich in examples of these fabrics, employed for various ecclesiastical purposes. The Sacristy of Palermo Cathedral contains many fine specimens of these silks, and among them a chasuble made in the same loom as one of the stuffs from St. Cuthbert's grave—namely that with the horseman and the sham Arab borders. The stuffs woven by the Siculo-Arab craftsmen may be divided into two classes:—I. The product of the looms before the Norman Conquest, *circa* 1080-90; and these again may be divided into two classes of design:—(a) Purely oriental motives, mostly of Persian origin, such as the warrior on horseback with a hawk on his wrist, attended by a hound; a motive which survived on the enamelled wall-tiles of Persia down to quite modern times. Together with these figure subjects, geometrical forms of ornament occur, among which the "pointed heart" form is conspicuous, and also borders formed of real or more commonly sham Arabic writing, treated in a decorative way. (b) The second division of this early class of textiles shows strong classical influence, and in many cases the design has obviously been suggested by a late Roman mosaic. The two chief pieces of silk which were used in 1104 to enfold the uncorrupted body of St. Cuthbert are most valuable examples of these two divisions of the first class. One has the horseman, and the border with sham Arabic letters. The other, which Raine, in his interesting work on the exhumation of St. Cuthbert, took to be a representation of Farne Island with its rabbits and eider ducks, belongs to the semi-classical style of pattern. The internal evidence of these two pieces of silk would show them to date from about the middle of the eleventh century or a little later, so that the stuff was probably of recent manufacture at the time of St. Cuthbert's translation. The founding of more than one Benedictine monastery in Northern Sicily at the end of the eleventh century possibly explains the manner in which these Siculo-Arab stuffs came into the hands of the Benedictines at Durham. II. The second period of silk weaving in Palermo is the time when the Arab workmen were labouring for their Norman conquerors. The designs of this period are of almost endless variety, full of the most graceful fancy and invention, arranged with perfect skill to suit the necessities of the loom, and in short the very flower and crown of art as applied to weaving. We see fairy-like castles, fountains, islands, ships, and forests, mingled with living forms in amazing variety—angel-like figures float in the air, half women with long floating hair lean down from palm-trees, or emerge from shells among the woods with nets in their hands. Boats sail over a rippled sea, bearing eagles, ducks, dogs, lions, and other animals which guide the rudder or hold the sheet. In the latter stuffs, woven in the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries, a favourite design is the sun, with long rays of light half hidden behind a cloud. In the fourteenth century the chief centre of silk weaving was transferred from Palermo to Lucca, Florence, Genoa, and Venice, where the designs were much modified, and though still of very great beauty, the rich fanciful invention of the Moslem weavers was to a great extent lost. Forms of animal and human life were but little used, and the patterns of Northern Italy consisted almost wholly of floral forms without the "fairy-tale" suggestions of

the Sicilian weavers. It should perhaps be noted that the usual story about the founding of the Palermo school of weaving is incorrect. The commonly received version is that Roger the Norman, in the twelfth century, during a raid upon Corinth and other Greek cities, took as prisoners a number of Arab weavers, whom he carried off and established at Palermo. Existing documents in the Archiepiscopal library at Monreale, and the evidence of many pieces of silk, show clearly that the Moslem weavers had been established at Palermo long before the Norman conquest. That the silks which enwrap St. Cuthbert's body were of oriental and not of English workmanship is shown not only by the clear internal evidence of the patterns, and the fact that silk-weaving was not introduced into England till long after, but also by a curious detail in its technique. English gold thread was made of a wire or ribbon of the metal—either pure gold or silver gilt, but the gold thread used in St. Cuthbert's silks is made by thickly gilding fine vellum, which was then cut into narrow strips and closely wound round a thread of silk or flax, which was almost if not quite concealed by the gilt strip. In effect this method was even more splendid than that produced by the fine metal wire or ribbon.—Baron A. von Hügel exhibited and described, as follows, various objects recently added to the museum:—1. A Roman bronze lamp, with chain attached (purchased). This beautiful lamp was found some twenty years ago in Coffin Chase meadow, near Biggleswade. It was remarkably well preserved. A human head mask forms a hinged lid to the largest orifice of the lamp, a bird (pelican, swan, goose), is nicely worked in relief on either side of its upper half, and a delicate pattern surrounds its widest circumference. Mr. King suggests that the unusual weight of this lamp indicates that it was cast in this country. 2. A leaf-shaped bronze sword (purchased). This sword is said to have been found in the river at Ely. The tongue to which the hilt was rivetted has been recently mutilated. 3. A Saxon bronze-gilt disc (purchased). Found by Mr. J. Wilkinson, in a tumulus, Upper Hare Park, Swaffham. The whole service is covered with very beautiful tracery, and there are five garnets on it, set into circles of white shell. These are backed with ribbed foil, which is nearly as fresh as on the day it was made. 4. A small Anglo-Saxon ivory plaque, elaborately carved, Elmham, Norfolk. Presented by the Rev. R. Kerrioh to the society. Though one of the older treasures of the Antiquarian Society's collection, it was mislaid for some time and has only recently found its way into the museum. 5. Five bronze figures from crucifixes. One which shows traces of gilding dates from the eleventh century, and has been kindly deposited in the museum by Mr. R. T. Martin, of Anstey Pastures, Leicester. Another figure is of the thirteenth century, and was bought with some old keys in a London curiosity shop. This is the most recent of the five. The remaining three figures, all of local origin, have long been in the society's collection. They have now been placed side by side on a board to illustrate the gradual change which crucifix figures underwent in those two centuries. On the ivory carrying the President remarked:—This Anglo-Saxon plaque of ivory, found at Elmham about 1847, has a representation of Our Lord, in a vesica, with a figure standing on a horizontal bar on each side, one with a book, the other with a key. The vesica is supported by a stem with a cross piece; and two angels, floating horizontally in the air, hold the cross pieces. Below are eight figures, two of which may represent two persons each. Above the figures on either side of the vesica are inscribed SCA MARIA, SCS CETRUS. In three cases on the Sandbach crosses there is a figure on each side of Our Lord, the figure on the observer's right holding something like a large pair of scissors; the Elmham ivory is a further argument in favour of these three curious instruments representing keys. On the upper half of the vesica is inscribed O vos omnes videte manus et pedes. If two of the eight figures below represent two persons each, the Eleven and the Virgin are shown. The arrangement of the vesica supported on a stem, instead of being supported by angels grasping the border of the vesica as in Christian examples (font at Kirkburn, tympanum at Prestbury and Ely, slab at

Wirksworth, and so on), and in classical examples (Latin medals, sarcophagi, &c.), explains an early sculptured stone on the island of Lindisfarne, which has hitherto puzzled archaeologists, where there is a stem below the vesica and a stem above, and two figures stand on horizontal bars, with their heads in contact with cross pieces proceeding from the upper stem, while two figures sit below on low chairs holding curved supports proceeding from the vesica. It is an interesting coincidence that the stone on Lindisfarne has a "Celtic" rectangular fret, and the lower half of the border of the Elmham vesica shows remains of a like pattern on the observer's right. The attitude of the Elmham angels is strikingly like the Anglo-Saxon angels in the wall at Bradford-on-Avon.—Prof. H. Middleton observed:—The five bronze figures of the crucified Christ, which the curator exhibits to-night, form a series of special value from the way in which they illustrate the development of the mediæval treatment of the subject. The earliest representations of Christ on the Cross have no suggestion of human pain or death, but exhibit a Divine Being untouched by suffering. The figure wears a crown of glory, the head is erect, the eyes open, and the arms are extended at right angles to the body, so that there is no appearance of hanging from the nailed hands. The feet are separate, and fastened with two nails, and the drapery is more ample than in later times. The first of these little bronze figures is a rather rare example of this early treatment. The technique is as follows:—The figure is formed by hammering a bronze plate on an elastic bed, till the form was roughly given from behind it: it was then finished with the file and graver applied to the front. The workman has cracked the plate during the hammering process and has had to apply a little copper patch, which he has carefully braised on. The eyes, one of which remains, were formed of beads of translucent glass, set open. The drapery was decorated with champlevé enamel, which is now lost, and the rest was gilt. This probably dates as early as the tenth or early part of the eleventh century. The second figure in technique and design is very similar to the first, but appears to be of rather later date, as the head has lost the erect position which is characteristic of the earliest crucifixes. A small portion of green enamel still remains in the drapery. Both this and figure No. 1 have no clothing above the waist, but long drapery supported by a belt hangs down to the knees. No. 3, probably of the twelfth century, shows a completely different treatment of the subject. The figure is represented with some realism and dramatic force as a suffering human being. The wound in the side, omitted in Nos. 1 and 2, is here represented, but the head is still crowned with the gold diadem, showing the transition from one class of ideas to the other. No. 4 also seems to belong to the twelfth century. It is treated with exaggerated realism, the pose suggesting a tortured, writhing body. The head is bare, but once, no doubt, had the crown of thorns fastened on it, probably made of twisted wire. No. 5 is a well-modelled figure of the second half of the thirteenth century, with graceful pose and a very noble type of head, which, like No. 4, seems once to have had a crown of thorns made separately. These last three figures were skilfully cast by the *cire perdue* process, and needed very little tooling. They were once gilt. All these figures were (I believe) found in England, and may possibly be of English workmanship.

#### ROYAL HISTORICAL SOCIETY.—(Thursday, Nov. 18.)

HYDE CLARKE, Esq., V.-P., in the Chair.—Mr. C. A. Fyfe read a paper on "The Progress of Reaction in Europe from 1815 to 1820." Mr. Fyfe showed that there were Liberal as well as reactionary forces active in the governing circles of Europe immediately after Napoleon's second overthrow. In France the government of Louis XVIII. gained a great victory over the reactionary party in the dissolution of the *Chambre introuvable* in 1816. Alexander, Czar of Russia, pursued a Liberal policy in Poland, encouraged national sentiment in Italy in opposition to Austria, and assisted the better elements in Spain against the clerical camarilla. In Prussia, Hardenberg was making a struggle to establish a constitution. On the other hand, Metternich was working

actively against all deviations from absolutism. A series of events, unimportant in themselves, such as the Wartburg scandal in 1817, the assassination of Kotzebue, and probably a military conspiracy in Russia, turned the balance in favour of Metternich's principles in Germany generally. The Congress of Aix-la-Chapelle, where Alexander adopted Metternich's methods, marks the definite victory of absolutist over Liberal tendencies outside France. In France the balance, already wavering, was turned somewhat later by the assassination of the Duc de Berry, which gave power definitely to the friends of the Count of Artois. Mr. Fyfe analysed the causes of the victory of the reaction, attributing it to the artificial character of the Liberalism of 1815, to the absence of any large classes experienced in public affairs, and to the solidarity which the struggle against Napoleon and the joint re-settlement of Europe had created among the group of governing statesmen of all the Great Powers. In evidence of the latter consideration, Mr. Fyfe quoted communications made by Hardenberg and Metternich to Castlereagh in reference to the Lancashire riots in 1819, and to Sir Francis Burdett's proceedings in London.

#### PHILOLOGICAL SOCIETY.—(Friday, November 19.)

MR. WHITLEY STOKES read a paper, entitled "Notes of a Philological Tour," the substance of which has already appeared in the ACADEMY, Nos. 751, 752, 753. He first went to Paris and collated Prof. Loth's edition of the twenty-six Old-Gaelic glosses on the Eutychius-fragments in the Bibliothèque Nationale, and found that Loth had not only failed to decipher eleven of these glosses, but published the following misreadings:

PROF. LOTH.	CODEx.
<i>membtligim</i>	<i>meinbligim</i> (gl. scato)
<i>cleb . . . er . . . lemnith ?</i>	<i>cleben</i> 1. <i>lemnith</i> (gl. <i>præses</i> )
<i>Cabaat . . . lerrith</i>	<i>cabaltith</i> 1. <i>lemnith</i>
<i>temnigith</i>	<i>demniguth</i> (gl. <i>munimen</i> )
<i>sortugim</i>	<i>fortugim</i> (gl. <i>operio</i> )

Loth also gives *derigith* as the gloss on "desses." It really glosses "scalprum." The glossator himself is sometimes at fault. He confounds, for instance, *opperio* (Irish *inneuth*) with *operio* (Irish *fortugim*), and he mistakes *opsōno* (I cater) for *opsōno* (I interrupt by sound, Irish *fogrigim*, a denominative from *foḡur*, sound). The chief result of a new collation of the Old-Breton glosses at Orléans is to establish the general accuracy of the late Henry Bradshaw's readings, and to relegate to the limbo of *verba nihili* Prof. Loth's *derie* (the Latin *clericus* misread), *erolim*, *tinot*, &c. The inscription beginning "L. Cornelius magnus Atepomāri filius," &c., preserved in the Orléans museum, has been carefully studied by Leon Renier in the *Revue archéologique* for 1865. For "Genabensium" he reads "Cénabensium," with initial *e* and an apex over the following *e*. The reading given in the ACADEMY for September 1886, p. 210, col. 2, should be corrected accordingly. Mr. Stokes also said that there were at least four cuneiform inscriptions in this museum, of which one, on a tessera of baked clay, had been thus translated by MM. Lenormant and Longpérier: "Nasitin quam acquisivit Nabu-kinari anno XII. Marduk-habal-idin regis Babilu," where the king named was the Merodach Baladan who in the year 709 B.C. sent ambassadors to Hezekiah to congratulate him on his recovery. Mr. Stokes hoped that Prof. Sayce would visit Orléans to copy these inscriptions. The explanation given in the ACADEMY for October 2, 1886, p. 227, of the *opus maceriale* in the copy of Adamnan's *Life of Columba* preserved at Schaffhausen, was confirmed by a Gaelic gloss on "trulla," recently found in the Vatican library, and published by Prof. Zimmer: *liag iern bis oc denam macre* (a spoon of iron, which is used in building a *maceria*). The names of Boniface's fellow-martyrs found in the St. Gallen Martyrology were interesting. *Eoban* had been quoted by Förstemann (*Altdeutsches Namenbuch*, i. 392) from other MSS. *So Palthere, Hethelhere* (= Aethelhere), *Scirbalde, Bosan, Hamunde, Vacare, Gund-uacare, Ille-her, Hathu-wulfe*, seemed oblique cases of *Scirbalde, Bosan, Ha[s]imund, Vacar* (Förstemann's *Waccar*), *Gund-vacar, Illeher, Hathu-wulf*. Mr. Stokes then explained the five Old-

Breton glosses on Vergil which he discovered at Berne: *strum* (gl. *copia*) is = Irish *srainm* (stream), Greek *πέδμα*; *forcas* (gl. *figere*) is, perhaps, a loan from an Old-French *\*forchasser* (foris-captiare); *les-ca* (gl. *carice*) is a compound of *les* = Cornish *les*, Welsh *llys* (herb), Irish *lus*, and *ca* = Latin *cares*, from *\*casex*; *heith* (gl. *praeterea*) is from *hep-t*, where *hep* is = Latin *secus*, and *t* the remains of a pronoun meaning *ea*. Lastly, *brostae* .i. *intinxerat* (gl. *discreverat*) is the 3d sg. 2dp pres. of a verb cognate with Irish *brot* (goad), the Sanskrit *bhrāṣti* (point), the Anglo-Saxon *brord* (goad), the Old-Norse *broddr* (point), and the Latin *fastigium*, if this be, as some philologists suppose, for *\*fars-tigium*. The corrupt Gaelic glosses in the Berne MS. 258—*breenatin* (gl. *scinifes*, i.e. *auvires*), *bolach* (gl. *impetiginem*), and *poilen, foilem* (gl. *fulicam, fulica*)—were explained as standing respectively for *breenata* (Saltair na Rann, 3934), *bolgach*, and *foilenn* = Welsh *gwyllan*, Breton *goellann*, whence the French *goëland*, English gull.

#### ARISTOTELIAN SOCIETY.—(Monday, November 22.)

SHADWORTH HODGSON, Esq., President, in the Chair.—The following new members were elected: Messrs. Carlos Blacker, Bernard Bosanquet, J. M. Cattell, F. C. Conybeare, Christopher C. Fenn, Rowland Hamilton, J. S. Mann, J. D. Rogers, W. R. Sorley, Framjee R. Vicajee. Mr. H. W. Carr was elected hon. secretary in the place of Mr. E. H. Rhodes, resigned, and Mr. S. Alexander was elected vice-president, in the place of Mr. H. W. Carr.—Mr. D. G. Ritchie read a paper on "The Political Philosophy of the late Professor Green." In this country very little systematic philosophical study had been given to political questions. Hence, there was a special importance attached to the political portion of Green's writings, which formed an integral part of his philosophical work, and that part in which his speculative and practical interests coincided. The idea (e.g., of Mark Pattison) that *a priori* philosophy and liberalism in politics were inconsistent arose (1) from a confusion of Idealism with "Intuitionism," (2) from a non-recognition of the changed objects of English Liberalism since the beginning of the century. Green was not a mere "importer" of German metaphysics. He might be considered as specially influenced by Kant and Aristotle, but the problems with which he dealt were those raised mainly by English thinkers. By a criticism of Hobbes, Locke, Rousseau, and Austin, his own theory of political obligation was worked out. The question of the justification of resistance to established governments raised the interesting problem of "historical judgments." An examination of the nature of "rights" brought out the relation of the state to the individual, and justified state-action in behalf of individual freedom (in the true sense of freedom). Green's political theory would in most respects lead practically to the same results as Utilitarianism, but he supplied a surer philosophical basis for both ethics and politics.—The paper was followed by a discussion.

#### SOCIETY OF ANTIQUARIES.—(Thursday, November 25.)

THE PRESIDENT in the Chair.—Mr. Kirby, of Winchester College, exhibited some painted panels of the sixteenth century, discovered at Winchester College. The decoration consists of medallions, with heads, male and female, in contemporary costumes, and arabesques with winged figures and mottoes. They are supposed to have been prepared for the visit of Philip II. to the city.—A paper by Mr. Alfred Atkinson was read, describing the ancient boat found last spring in the gasworks at Brigg. It was made from a single tree with metal tools. The dimensions are 46 feet 8 inches in length, 4 feet 3 inches in breadth at the bow, and 4 feet 6 inches at the stern. It is said by those conversant with timber that no such trunk could be found in England at the present day. By careful examination of the moss used in caulking, the clay in the boat, &c., Mr. Atkinson determined that it must be pre-Roman in date, at a time when the channel of the Humber was very different from what it is now.—Two Danish swords, with silver inlaid hilts, were exhibited: one by the president, found at Wallingford; and the other by the Rev. J. C. Jackson, found near the Temple.—Mr. Davis Cooke exhibited a bronze Danish stirrup, found in a bog in Hampshire.



## FINE ART.

## THE SOCIETY OF BRITISH ARTISTS.

SUFFOLK STREET is, perhaps, not quite so full of masterpieces as the out-and-out adherents of the new *régime*, in that quarter, would have us suppose. "Tis man's ancient whim," sings Gabriel Rossetti, in penetrating verse—

"Tis man's ancient whim,  
That still his like seems good to him."

And the young painters of the most "advanced" school are presumably of the opinion that the work that has been got together at the Society of British Artists this winter is of altogether surprising merit. Certainly there is a great change, and the change is, on the whole, wonderfully for the better. Even if in some cases it is only for the eccentric that the commonplace has given way, it is a relief and a comfort that it has given way at all. It is now possible to go to Suffolk Street to be entertained, even with that which may not edify. One may have the pleasure of surprise. And there is really much to edify as well as to amuse and to astonish. Mr. Whistler himself—without whom as President this cheerful transformation could never have come about—is represented in some strength. A quite delightful pastel—offered at what will seem to the unappreciative as a not quite delightful price—is only the smallest and only the least important of his works in the gallery. He sends four oil paintings. One of them is a stately and distinguished vision of Lady Colin Campbell, which, if its interest as pure portraiture should by the lapse of time become a little less, will still afford enjoyment to the student of painting as a masterly exercise in the arrangement of ivory and white. It is a "harmony" indeed. But the extraordinary vitality of two other pictures is, it may be, yet more engaging. Such character, such vigour, such individuality in the models is denoted through the rapidity of Mr. Whistler's perception and the learned cunning of his hand. One is an effect of lamplight—the dominant, nay, almost the only colour, red. And the other is almost entirely an exercise in black. Mr. Whistler's fourth picture is a night view of St. Mark's. These are canvasses which, in this place, we are obliged to speak of with brevity and speed, but which we cannot suffer the picture-seer to miss.

Nor can even the most hurried visitor to the Suffolk Street show omit to pause before Mr. Jacomb Hood's "A Portrait." The warm coloured blonde whom he has made his model—a blonde of English feature and Venetian colouring—is very young apparently, and slim; and it is with that suggestion of flexibility which is ever a charm in youth that the artist has got her to sit on her little Morris chair—a slight black figure, very dainty at the feet and wrists—and seen from head to foot against a greyish background quiet and ordered and full of atmosphere. Mr. Jacomb Hood will gain much by having shown the world that he is capable of work like this. Often before he has just suggested the possession of this capacity; then he has done something which made one doubt it. Here, however, it is proved. Nor is it in any sense fatal to Mr. Jacomb Hood that it should be objected that he gets the inspiration for this particular portrait from an early painting of Mr. Whistler's—that well-known portrait of Mr. Whistler's mother, which, in its reticent pathos, is only less remarkable than his quite unknown etching of the same lady. Every artist has his artistic debts: Millais sometimes to Sir Joshua, Mr. Watts to the Venetians—why not Mr. Jacomb Hood to Whistler? Mr. Hood's portrait has in it, after all, a quite sufficient measure of originality—an abundant measure of charm. Then there is a skilfully

painted portrait by Mr. T. C. Gotch, whose happiest work is, nevertheless, the drawing of the child called "Peter." That was done in a fortunate hour—one of those for which an artist, in any art, has cause to be thankful. It is a delightful performance. But, coming back to the pictures, much is to be said for the suave simplicity, the restful dignity of the work of Roussel, and much for the artistic realism of Mr. Starr's portrait of M. Van Wagner. Mr. Stott, "of Oldham," too—for there is another Mr. Stott who is at the Institute, we find—a Mr. Stott who somehow neglects to reveal to us the place of his origin—Mr. Stott "of Oldham," does not omit to be noticeable. He has a clever picture of naked children on a sandy shore, and a full-length portrait of a young lady with a fiddle. The head and shoulders of a peasant girl who is permitted to be comely shows how delightfully Mr. Clausen can sometimes paint—how pleasant the visions are which he can evoke. If we had space to say very much about the landscapes or marine pieces, we should wish to call attention to Mr. Ingram's picture of the sea, to Mr. Millie Dow's "Hudson River," to Mr. Leslie Thomson's perfectly sympathetic study of the Essex coast, where the land lies flat and wide under the remote heavens, and to Mr. Aubrey Hunt's singularly successful portrayal of a Norman coast, with a foreground gay with the fine Parisian ladies, and a middle-distance of pearly and opal light. Yes; notwithstanding absences one may deplore, Suffolk Street has become interesting. Suffolk Street is a place which must be visited.

FREDERICK WEDMORE.

## NOTES ON ART AND ARCHAEOLOGY.

THE annual meeting of the Egypt Exploration Fund will be held on Wednesday next, December 1, in the theatre of the Royal Institution.

AT a meeting of the Royal Society of Painters in Water-Colours, held last Tuesday, Mr. Tom Lloyd was elected a member, and Sir Frederick Burton, Director of the National Gallery, and Mr. E. Burne Jones rejoined the society, the former as an hon. member.

IN continuation of their medallie series, the council of the Art Union of London are about to offer three premiums—£50, £30, and £20—for a pair of dies for a medal to celebrate the jubilee of the Queen. The medals will be three inches diameter and—in bronze and silver—will form a portion of the prizes to be given in their next distribution. The competition is confined to British artists.

THE exhibitions to be opened next week include a collection of sketches on the Scottish coast, by Mr. John Brett, at the Fine Art Society's; Muncack's new picture, "The Last Moments of Mozart," at Messrs. Agnew's; and a winter exhibition of paintings at the Continental Gallery in New Bond Street.

MESSRS. BUCK & REID have just published a very successful etching by M. Brunet-Debaines, from one of those paintings on glass by Gainsborough which formed what was called his "Camera." They are twelve in number, and will be remembered by the visitors to the Grosvenor Gallery as an interesting feature of the great collection of the artist's works held in Bond Street a winter or two ago. The transparency selected represents Worcester as seen from the other side of the Severn. The etcher has done full justice to the elegance of the composition and the richness of its chiaroscuro, and has preserved the tender poetry of the original design. This is, perhaps, the first etching ever made from a painting on glass.

AT a recent meeting of the Académie des Inscriptions, a paper was read from M. Holleaux, formerly a student at the French Ecole d'Athènes, upon a fragmentary statue found at Perdico-Orysi (?), in Boetia, upon a site of a shrine of Apollo Ptoos. The statue represents Apollo, standing, and entirely naked. It belongs to a series classified by scholars as "archaic figures of Apollo of the second manner." Several striking resemblances are at once manifest between this fragment and two other well-known statues—the bronze Piombino Apollo in the Louvre and the marble Strangford Apollo in the British Museum. The resemblances are sufficiently close to justify the theory that all three statues are copies of a common original, possibly the Didymaean Apollo, by Canachos of Sicyon, in the temple of Branchidae, near Miletus. As the newly found fragment has an inscription on the legs which cannot be later than the middle of the fifth century B.C., it is the oldest of the three, and, therefore, probably the most faithful reproduction of the work of Canachos.

*Le Figaro Illustré*, which forms the Christmas number of the Paris *Figaro*, is chiefly noticeable for the coloured plates, twelve in number, which have been reproduced by the Goupil process of chromo-typographie. No other process with which we are acquainted can compare with this for combining the brilliance of chromo-lithography with the softness of engraving. The publishers in this country are Boussois, Valadon, & Co.

WE have received packages of Christmas cards from W. A. Mansell & Co., of Oxford Street, and from L. Prang & Co., of Boston, U.S. The English publisher bears the palm, not only for greater variety, but more especially for having positively invented a new *genre* in this form of decorative work. This is called the "illuminated series," and consists of a set of original designs by F. Gilliat Smith, suggested by, rather than copied from, mediaeval miniatures. If the drawing is sometimes weak, nothing can exceed the delicacy of the decoration and the finish of the printing in tints and gold. Nor can we consider the price of 2s. 6d. too high for one example of such careful workmanship. Of Messrs. Mansell's other production we may mention the facsimiles of red crayon drawings and the miniature etchings, e.g., of St. Albans. The American cards do not show any such striving after originality; but they do show a high standard of draughtsmanship and also excellence of colour printing. Of those before us we prefer a ring of young faces by Fred. Dielman, which we are surprised to find was only awarded a fourth prize.

## THE STAGE.

DRURY LANE THEATRE.

WE went, very late, the other night, to see at Drury Lane the success of the season. Its mechanism, which was smooth at the beginning, has not become less excellent through use, nor do the players, to whom—albeit very apologetically—we must assign the second place, appear to have wearied of their parts. "A Run of Luck" is an extremely well-constructed melodrama of the modern sort, in which, on the whole, conventionality is laid aside for realism, and in which the pursuit of realism becomes half-hearted and ineffectual only when the subject-matter verges on impropriety. Of the scenes that affect to be boldest one can only wonderingly inquire, *Est-ce que les choses se passent comme cela?* but of the scenes that may be true without offence no such question rises in the mind. It

is thus, no doubt, and not otherwise—precisely as we see them at Drury Lane—that jockeys are weighed on the eve of the start. It is thus that the vitally interested become frantic in the Paddock; it is thus, all the world knows, that the very comfortable take their luncheon at Goodwood during the best days of “the Sussex fortnight.” The realism here is undisputed, and it is very ingenious. The vision of the racecourse, with the jockeys all in attitude to ride their horses much faster than they can really ride them on the boards of Drury Lane, is one of the most effective of stage pictures; and, of the ladies’ dresses, all are splendid, and many admirable. “All are splendid,” did we say? But that would not be true of Daisy Copsey’s, whose tastes are simple, and whose means are cramped, and as whom Miss Alma Murray attires herself with an effective and elaborate simplicity in fitting contrast to the gorgeousness of Miss Sophie Eyre, and to that of the “lady friends” of Lucy Byfield. The acting is all, and in some cases it is more than all, that such a piece demands. Had the elder Selby been made, by the original observation or the executive skill of the dramatist, different in any respect from the habitual father of melodrama—otherwise than rich and prosperous, heavy and irate, moved to the softer emotions only when his physique is reduced by a fall, or when memory returns upon the loves and follies of his youth—had the elder Selby been otherwise, we say, it is quite possible that Mr. William Rignold might not have represented him so well; yet a more or less conventional conception must obtain conventional, however able, interpretation. The second elderly man, Daisy Copsey’s father—conceived, we take it, a little more freshly—is played by Mr. Beauchamp none the less sympathetically because it is played with reticence. And Mr. Grahame, always manly in bearing, and a sound and judicious actor, plays the good lover and forgiving brother and son as one would have him played. Off the stage, it is possible that such largeness of heart, such immensity of chivalry, may be rare enough to be “made a note of” when “found”; but, on the stage, they are as plentiful as blackberries. Captain Trevor, whom Mr. Willard—skilful actor as he is—might have been tempted to play with an obvious, though polished, villainy, is represented by the artist at Drury Lane with great quietude. He does not “come out of the picture,” nor, even to those about him, is his lack of principle made readily manifest. There is a more or less comic, at all events a more or less cheerful part, which Mr. Nichols plays with much sense of enjoyment—a character whom scruples never tease, and who is ever joyous in turpitude. Of the two chief women’s parts, that of Lucy Byfield affords the better opportunities for character-acting. Miss Byfield is at once coarse and womanly, kind-hearted and immodest. Nor does Miss Sophie Eyre omit to draw artistic profit from the occasion of contrast which this character allows. Daisy Copsey is a uniformly excellent young woman—quite the approved heroine, who comes from the country, “green,” as Mr. Buchanan once wrote it, “green, to wither for the hungry fire.” In other words, her individuality is little marked, and her fortunes are those of melodrama. With such a character, an actress poetic and original

like Miss Alma Murray, cannot possibly do very much. We wait in vain, in her rendering of Daisy, for the revealing touches which in a great performance of a great character show to us, unexpectedly, that it was thus and thus that the thing happened—thus and thus that the experience was received. No such privilege here. Yet all is done for the part that can be done by a grace and an intelligence exercised of yore upon Mr. Browning’s Constance and upon Shelley’s Beatrice.

FREDERICK WEDMORE.

## MUSIC.

### RECENT CONCERTS.

AN oratorio, entitled “Gethsemane,” was performed last Friday week at St. James’s Hall. The composer, Mr. S. Shaw, is an ambitious man; but he will do well to study some of the great sacred works of Handel, Spohr, Mendelssohn, before he again comes before the public with an oratorio. He can write a fairly respectable fugue; but he lacks, at present, the power of writing recitative or melody of any charm or consistency. In the greater part of his music he appears to us to be attempting to imitate Wagner, and the consequence may be imagined. Miss C. Perry and Messrs. Ben Davies and W. Clifford were the vocalists, and did the best they could with their parts. Of the book we are almost afraid to speak. It consists of Bible texts strung together in feeble fashion, and with certain alterations that did not show an experienced hand. The performance was a bad one. The composer conducted his work, and was much applauded by his well-meaning, though injudicious, friends.

A Fantasia for orchestra, by Mr. F. Praeger, was played at the Crystal Palace for the first time last Saturday afternoon. The composer has told us in his paper on “Form” that absolute music ought to be preceded by a mentally-constructed libretto. That was also Beethoven’s opinion. He said he always had a picture in his mind to which he worked. Once, being pressed by Ries, he named one of Shakespeare’s plays as the source of his inspiration; but his rule was to leave his hearers to construct a mental picture of their own. The analyst in the Palace programme-book sees, in Mr. Praeger’s work, a hero hoping, loving, despairing—a drama in fact; but our business is to judge of the effect which the music produces, not of its meaning. The *allegro* opens with a promising theme, but the expectations raised are not fulfilled. The *nocturne* is vague; the *adagio* interesting, but somewhat drawn out; while the agitated *finale* does not contain very attractive material. So much for the work on first hearing. It is difficult to decide off-hand as to its exact merit. It was well played and well received. Pan F. Ondricek gave an admirable rendering of Beethoven’s Violin Concerto in D; but the cadenza in the first movement was not in keeping with the lofty style of the music. Pan Ondricek plays with great feeling, and his intonation is pure. The programme included a Cherubini Overture, the orchestral numbers from “The Troubadour,” and some very light songs sung by Mlle. Trebelli.

Sterndale Bennett’s Pianoforte Sextett, not heard since 1882, was announced for performance at last Monday’s Popular Concert; but Miss Zimmermann, through illness, was unable to appear. Miss F. Davies took her place, but the programme had to be changed. Onslow’s Quintett in A minor for strings, last given in 1871, was substituted for the Sextett. Miss Davies was much applauded after her solo, Mendelssohn’s Andante and Variations in E

flat, and she gave one of his characteristic pieces as an encore. Sig. Bottesini, in his *Elegra* and *Tarentella*, showed his powers as a virtuoso, and he too was encored. When will this bad system be abolished? Mr. H. Thorndike was recalled after one of Schubert’s songs. The programme concluded with Mozart’s Pianoforte Trio in D minor.

Mr. Henschel gave his second concert on Thursday evening. An Orchestral Idyl, entitled “Evening by the Seashore,” from the pen of Mr. F. Corder, an agreeably-written, if not very powerful, tone-picture, was the one novelty of the programme. Miss Fanny Davies played Schumann’s Pianoforte Concerto; but the young lady was not in good vein, and the first and last movements were lacking in spirit, and, at times, in expression. Miss Davies, as a rule, interprets Schumann in a highly satisfactory manner. Miss P. Cramer sang songs by Grieg. The test piece of the evening, for the conductor, was Beethoven’s Fourth Symphony. The performance was an excellent one, and was much applauded.

On Wednesday evening the third concert took place, and the programme included no less than three novelties. First came Rubinstein’s new Symphony in A minor, lately produced under the direction of the composer at Leipzig. Like most of Rubinstein’s long works, it contains much that is interesting, but also much that is tedious. The first, second, and last movements are all long and patchy. The third movement—a *scherzo* in character, though not in name—is decidedly the most interesting portion of the symphony. It is full of humour, although it is the treatment of the material, rather than the material itself, which attracts notice. So far as we could judge, the performance seemed a very good one. Mr. Henschel’s “Hymne au Créateur,” well sung by Mrs. Henschel, is a graceful, if somewhat mild, composition. M. Davivier’s symphonic poem, “The Triumph of Bacchus,” is lively, cleverly written, and thoroughly French in character; but something more substantial was needed after the Rubinstein. Miss Emily Shinner played Mendelssohn’s Violin Concerto. She was evidently nervous; and, though her technique was good, she scarcely did justice either to herself or to the work. The programme commenced with Cherubini’s delightful overture, “Les Abencérages.”

J. S. SHEDLOCK.

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